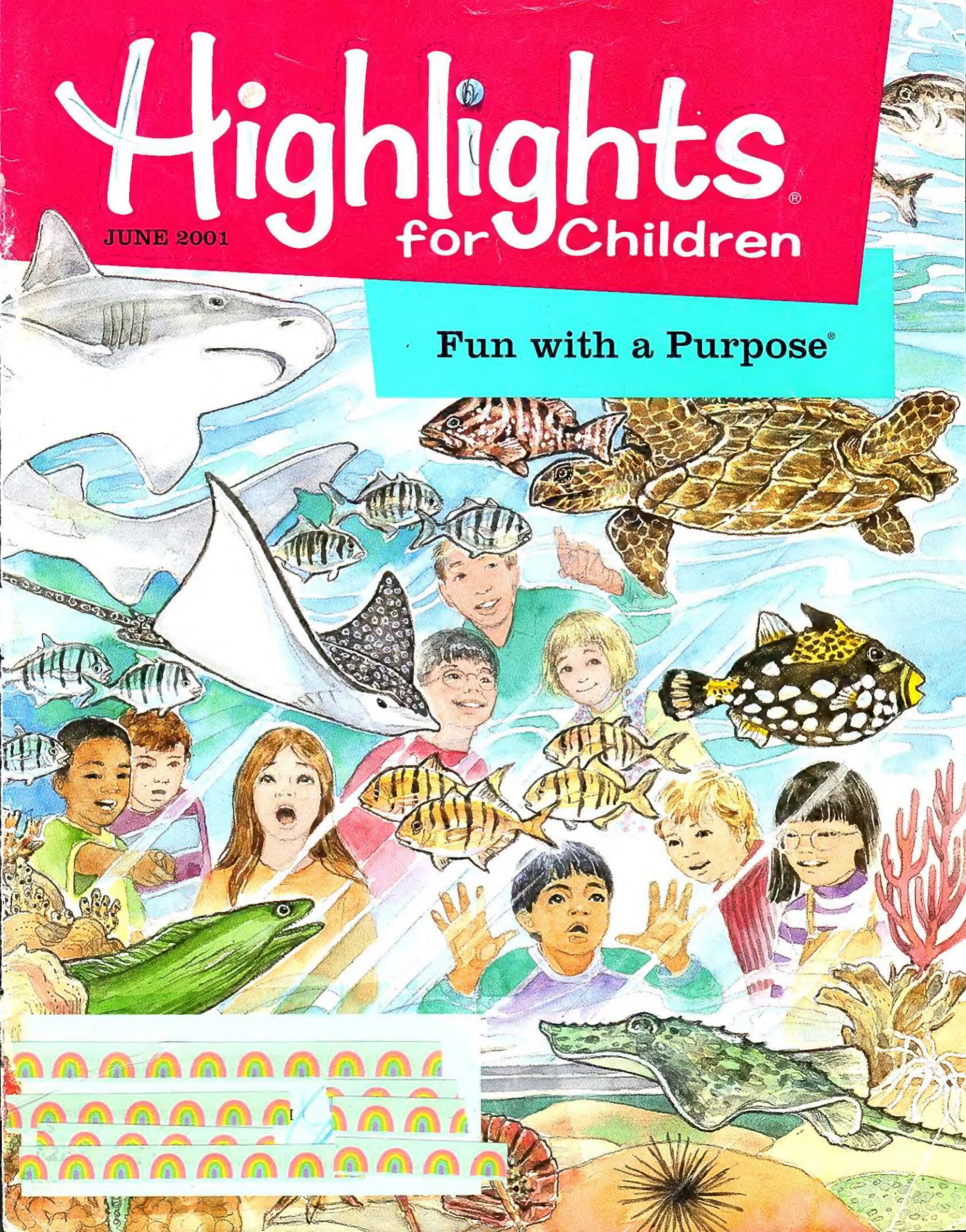


Highlights[®]

JUNE 2001

for Children

Fun with a Purpose[®]



June

The day is warm
and a breeze is blowing,
the sky is blue
and its eye is glowing,
and everything's new
and green and growing. . . .

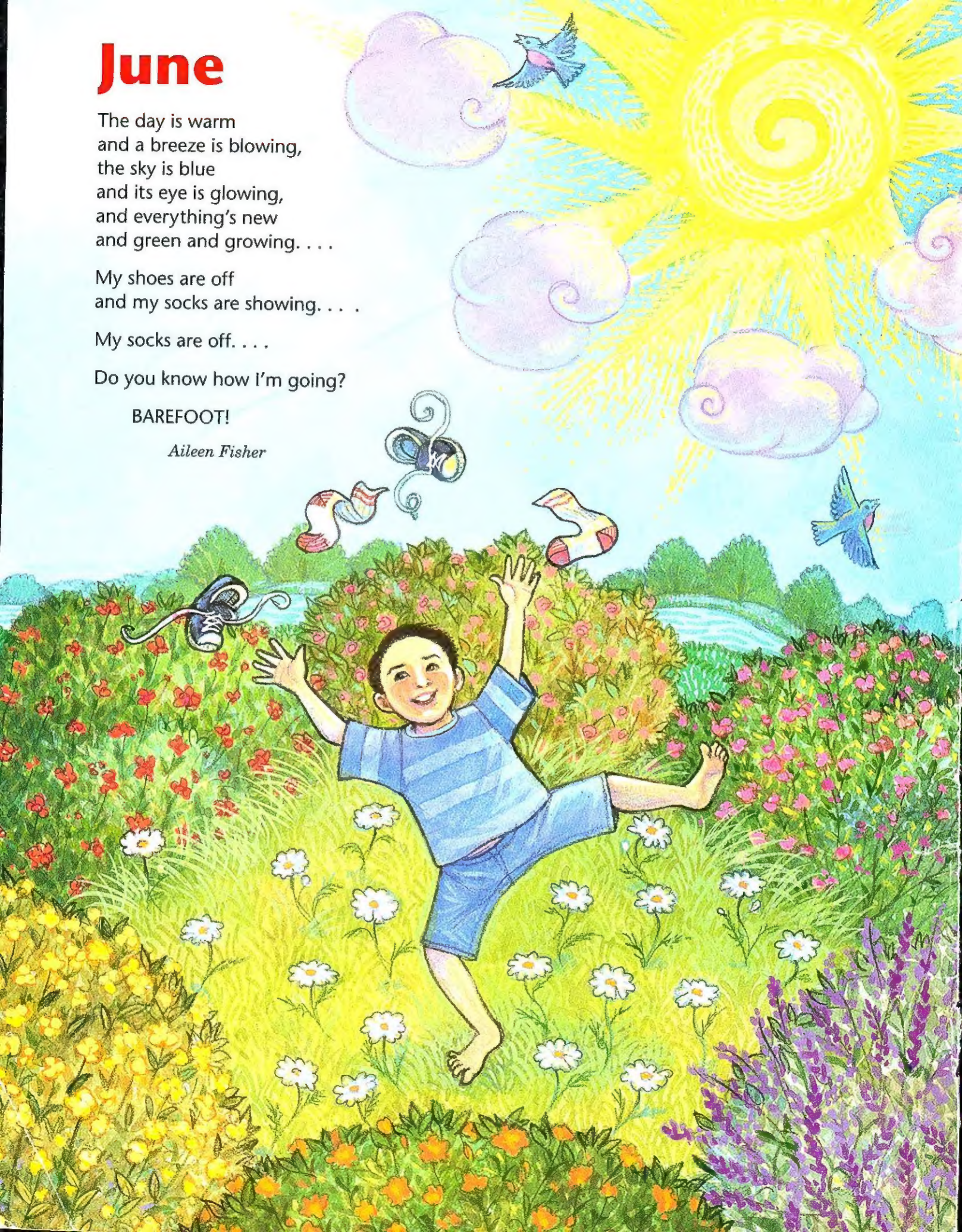
My shoes are off
and my socks are showing. . . .

My socks are off. . . .

Do you know how I'm going?

BAREFOOT!

Aileen Fisher





Find me!

Highlights for Children®

JUNE 2001

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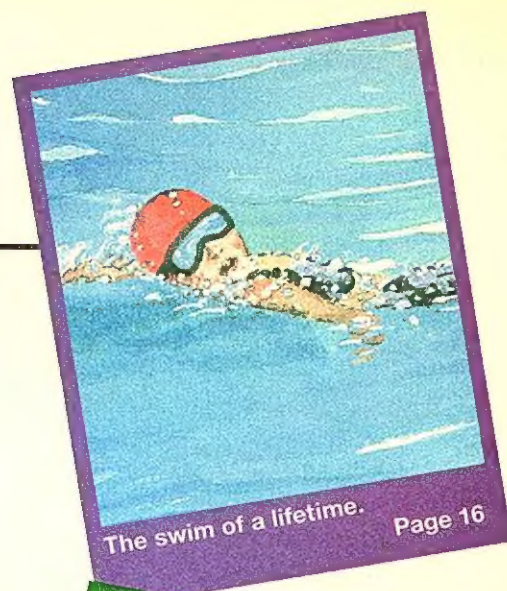
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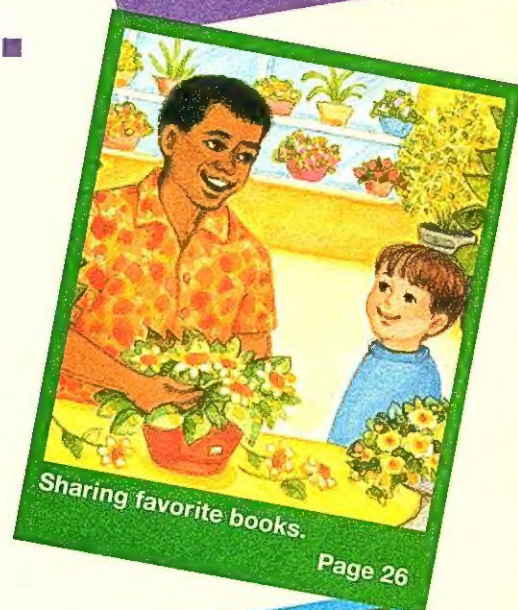
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Sharing favorite books.

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Not all butterflies like nectar
(but this one does).

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PARENT-TEACHER GUIDE

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From the Editor

I had fun thinking about a lobster using a typewriter. That's one of the items on this month's back cover in the feature we call "What's Wrong?" My kids would have enjoyed the scene. One of them might have said, "Not many people use typewriters these days; mostly they use computers." We might have discussed how lobsters could communicate.

We recently received a letter from a parent suggesting that our "What's Wrong?" feature isn't well titled. There are things that are unusual, but to say they are wrong seemed too harsh to the letter writer.

I agree with that, and, in fact, we have struggled with the title of this feature for a long time. We mean to ask: What strikes you as unusual, or different from the norm? We intend to stimulate thinking and discussion, knowing that there are no correct or incorrect answers.

What to do? We are stumped. Mostly, our readers get the idea. We don't want to convey that something is wrong, as if it were the incorrect answer to a mathematical problem.

I can imagine my son Boyd, when he was eight, looking at this picture with me. He might say: "Dad, putting a typewriter in salt water will ruin it."

Kent

Kent L. Brown Jr., Editor

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Covers: Aquarium Visit and What's Wrong? by Gary Undercuffler

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The Princess and the Tulips

By Sandra Beswetherick

Once upon a time, a princess from the Kingdom of Tulips was forced to flee her homeland because of war. She crossed an ocean with her children and found safety in the Land of the Snows. For years the war raged. Finally the fighting ended and the Kingdom of Tulips was free. The princess and her children were able to return home to live in peace.

The princess did not forget the land and people who had helped in the fight to free her country. She wanted to thank them. But her country was small and had suffered much from the war. What treasure did she have to express her thanks?

The treasure she gave was tulips—thousands of bulbs that bloom when the snows of the long winters melt. Every year these beautiful flowers signal the coming of spring and gladden the hearts of those who see them.

This sounds like a fairy tale, but it's a true story!

Doesn't this sound like a fairy tale? But it's true. Holland (also called the Netherlands) is the real name of the Kingdom of Tulips. And the Land of the Snows is a made-up name for Canada.

The princess was Princess Juliana. The invasion of Holland during World War II forced her and her family to leave their country. In June 1940, Princess Juliana brought her two young daughters to the safety of Canada. They lived in Ottawa, Canada's capital, until the war ended in 1945.

On January 19, 1943, Princess Juliana gave birth to a third daughter she named Margriet. That was when a bit of Canada became a little part of Holland. The delivery room at the Ottawa

Civic Hospital temporarily became Dutch territory, allowing Princess Margriet to be born a Dutch citizen.

After the war, the Dutch royal family sent 100,000 tulip bulbs to Ottawa to thank Canada for playing an important role in the liberation of Holland. Princess Juliana donated another 20,000 bulbs as a personal thank-you.

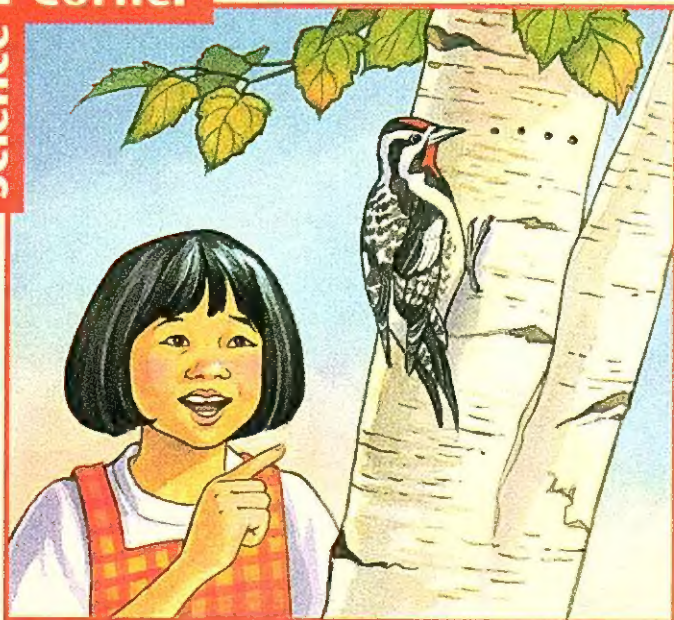
Each year since, Holland has continued to send 20,000 tulip bulbs to Ottawa as a gift. About five million tulips now bloom there each spring. People from around the world visit Ottawa to participate in the annual Canadian Tulip Festival.

All of which proves that true stories can have happily-ever-after endings, too.



Princess Juliana holds infant Princess Margriet at her christening on June 29, 1943.



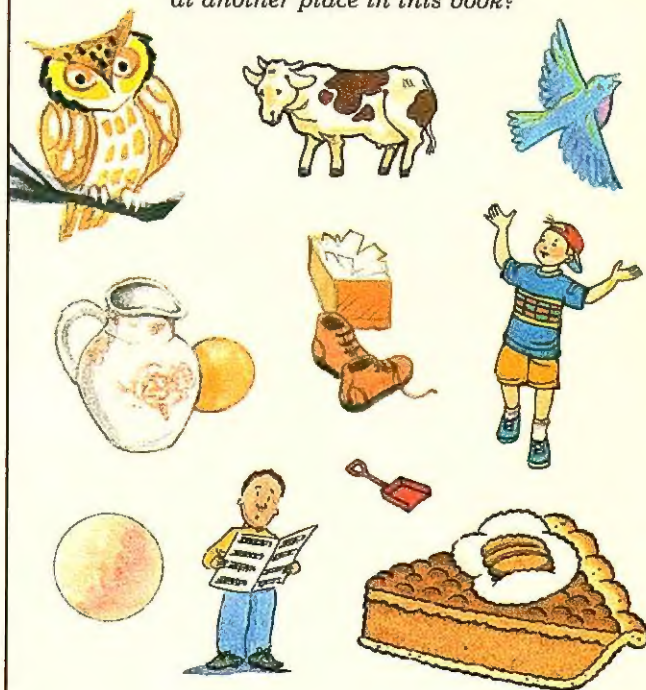


Girl: Do you really suck the sap out of trees?

Sapsucker: My name is not quite right. I do eat tree sap, but not by sucking. I peck holes in the bark with my beak. Then I stick my long tongue into the holes to get the sap. I also eat the insects that come to eat the sap.

Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



Your Ideas, Please!

These three readers asked us for help with a problem. We've already replied to their letters, but we wondered what you might have suggested. To share your ideas with us, choose one letter to answer and be sure to put its title at the top of your response. We must receive your response, including your full name, address, and age, by July 15. We'll publish some of the suggestions in an upcoming issue. Send to

Your Ideas, Please!
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Friend Copies Me

I have a friend who always copies me. Whenever I get something and show it to her, she goes out and buys it. Please help me!

Kristy S., Maryland



Sports Jitters

I like golf, but when someone watches me, I don't do well. When no one watches me, I do fine. What should I do?

Andy W., Ohio



Divorce Dilemma

My parents got a divorce a little while ago. They fight a lot and can't agree on anything. This makes me frustrated. What can I do?

Sam S., New York



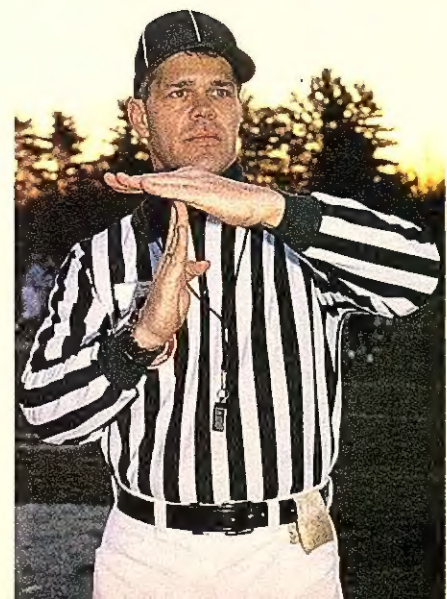
For Wee Folks

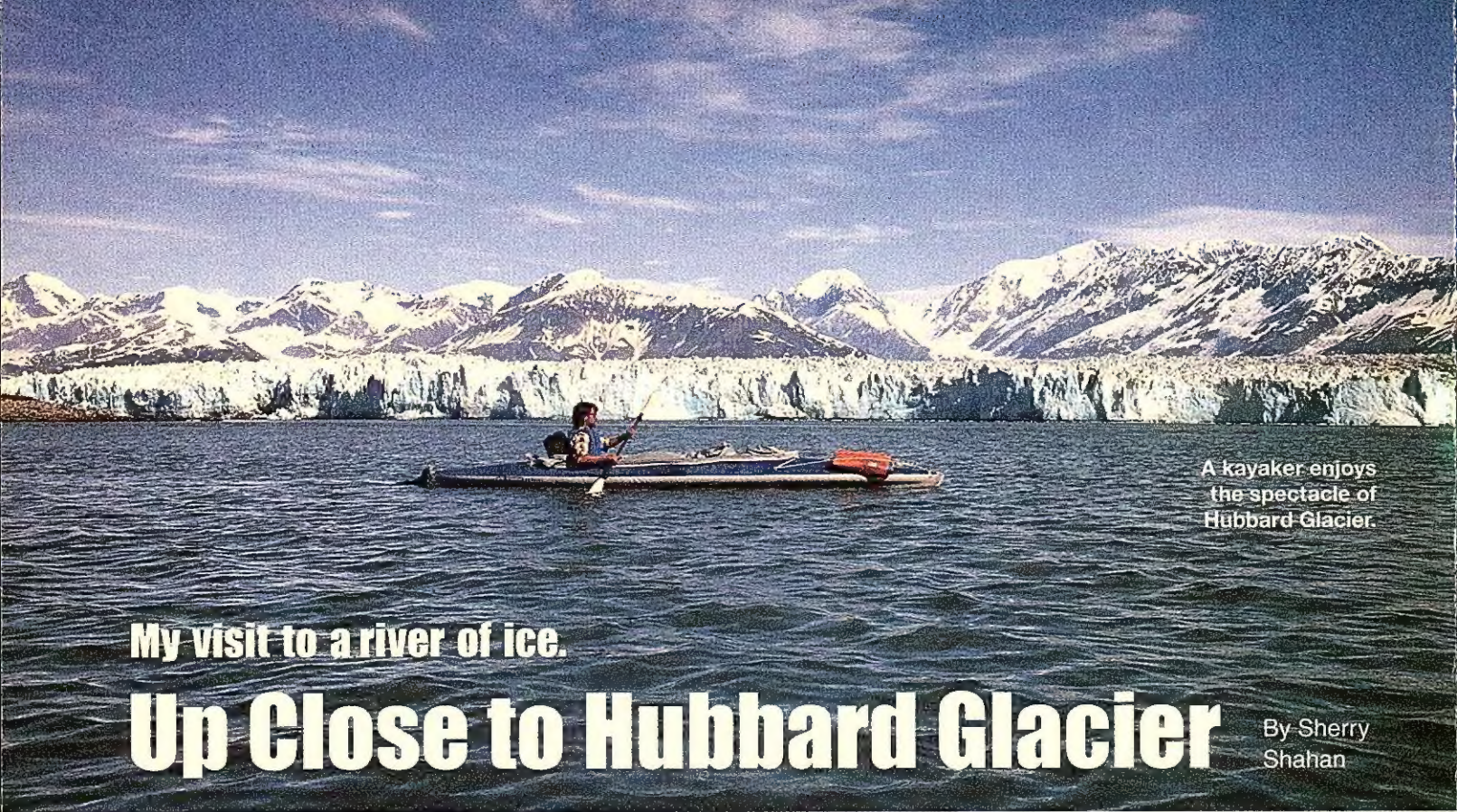


- What do these signs mean? When might you use them or see them?
- What other signs have you seen or used?



- Why do many signs use pictures or hand motions instead of words?
- Make up three signs of your own. What do they mean?





A kayaker enjoys the spectacle of Hubbard Glacier.

My visit to a river of ice.

Up Close to Hubbard Glacier

By Sherry Shahan

My kayak skims the icy water of a fjord between two steep-sided walls of rock. Several miles away, I can see Hubbard Glacier.

Here in Alaska's Russell Fjord, the glacier pokes its frozen *toe*—the lowest part of its front edge—into the water. From a distance, the cold blue glacier looks as tall as a school auditorium and as wide as a football field. As I paddle closer, it looms larger and larger. Its face rises three hundred feet above the water, and it stretches out about six miles across.

The glacier is like a frozen river. I cannot see it moving, but I know that the whole mass slowly flows toward the water—toward me—at inches per hour.

Its ice begins as snow that falls on the St. Elias Mountains of Canada. Some places in those mountains are so cold that the snow has been piling up for thousands of years.

When ice and snow build up to a

height of about two hundred feet, the lower ice is changed by the pressure of the weight above it. This ice is not brittle. Instead, it is able to move and change shape. It can flow downhill very slowly, like a cube of warm butter oozing down a tilted plate—only slower.

Hubbard is the largest of the glaciers in North America that flow all the way from their mountain birthplaces down to the sea. The ice that makes up the face of Hubbard Glacier has flowed more than ninety miles from the glacier's uppermost ice field.

The glacier has been winding through the St. Elias Mountain Range for more than ten thousand years. From my kayak, it looks as rugged as a mountain of rock.

Making Icebergs

A resounding *crack!* echoes in the fjord like a clap of thunder. A chunk of ice breaks off, or *calves*, from the glacier. It topples into the

sea, making a splash a hundred feet high. The impact of the ice brings brine shrimp up to the surface from deeper waters. Dozens of sea gulls swoop down to feed on the little creatures.

The ice chunk, now an iceberg bobbing in the water, is home to glacier worms. Black in color, these worms live in air pockets inside the glacier. The one-inch-long animals feed on microscopic algae. In turn, birds called snow buntings prey on the worms.

Some of Hubbard's icebergs are gray-brown, loaded with gravel and debris that the moving ice has scoured off the sides of mountains.

Because seven-eighths of an iceberg's mass is underwater, it would be dangerous to paddle my kayak too close to any of the several icebergs in the fjord. The icebergs are melting, so they often shift and roll over as pieces break off. When a large one rolls over, it can send out swamping waves.

The beach across from the glacier looks like a used-car lot of ice, with chunks the size of sports cars and two-ton trucks. The ice glistens in the sun; the glare is nearly blinding. The sound of dripping water *pings* in the dirt.

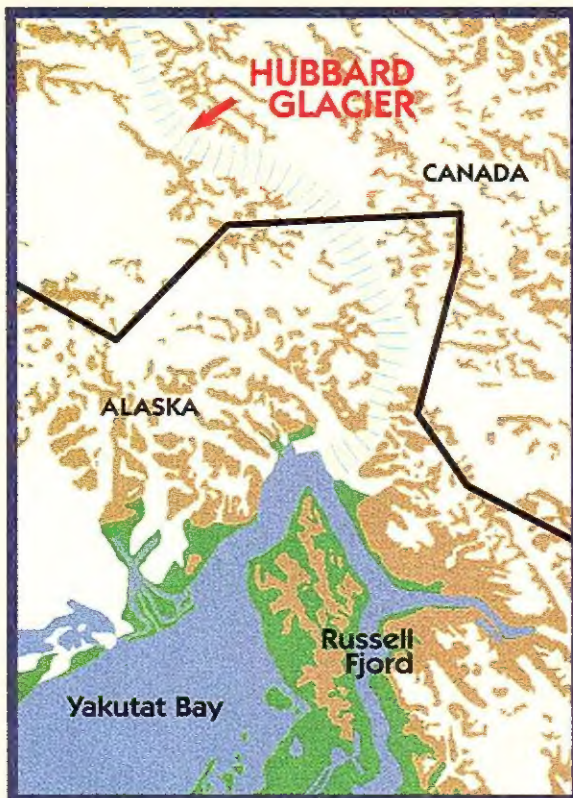
Cracking Up

Safely on shore, I listen to Hubbard rumble and groan as it breaks apart along deep cracks (called *crevasses*) in the ice. A loud roar signals that another chunk of ice is about to break off. This piece is a spire as tall as a thirty-story skyscraper. It hits the water with a terrific splash, then splits into dozens of iridescent icebergs.

The weight of that much mass hitting the water sends out waves

that are high enough to surf on. Minutes later, they crash on the water-worn rocks at my feet.

The calving of icebergs is important in the movement of a



glacier. If a glacier loses ice from calving faster than it gets new ice from snow, it will become smaller, or *retreat*. As long as a glacier collects more snow and ice than it loses from melting or calving, it can move forward, or *advance*.

Hubbard Glacier has a long history of advance and retreat. Around A.D. 1000 the ice filled Russell Fjord and Yakutat Bay. The glacier then retreated greatly and has been advancing for about one hundred years.

The Sound of Rain

Hours past sunset I hear the gentle pitter-patter of rain on my tent. Rain is not unusual in south-east Alaska, even in the summer months. Peering into the night, I'm surprised to see a clear, star-filled sky. The moon shines on thousands of icebergs clogging the fjord.

What I mistook for rain is the sound of air bubbles escaping from ice. The sound is similar to that of an ice cube cracking in warm water. The cause is also similar except that it's magnified by the size and number of icebergs.

I flip through the pages of my tide table. The seawater that fills Yakutat Bay and Russell Fjord is scheduled to begin working its way toward high tide in a few hours. I settle in for the night and wonder what will happen. Will the icebergs drift out to sea when the tide shifts? Or will they be stranded on the beach like the others?

A misty morning reveals that all of the icebergs have disappeared from the fjord. The tide pulled them into Yakutat Bay, where sooner or later they will melt. But Hubbard Glacier will continue to calve, and soon another generation of icebergs will bob in the seawater.



As the glacier flows off land and into water, huge chunks crack off, forming icebergs.



You Told the Story!

In our December 2000 issue, we asked you to create a story to go with this picture. We really enjoyed your responses and wish we had room to print all of them! Here are just a few.

Charlie

Tom, Jessica, and Brent go off to watch birds by the lake. Charlie, excited to be at Camp Greentree, smells yummy food smells and goes into the camp kitchen. He jumps up on the table, knocking off a humongous bowl of peanut butter. It flip-flops in the air, landing on his back. He is covered in thick, sticky, yummy-smelling goo. He runs and runs, flicking and jumping, into the lake. Up fly the ducks in a flapping flurry. Hundreds of feathers fall from the sky.

Charlie hears Tom, Jessica, and Brent shrieking. He leaps through the slough grass to join his

friends. Then it happens, an enormous itch! Tom, Jessica, and Brent let out cries of "No, Charlie!" It is too late. He shakes and the three friends are covered. As feathers fall, they walk up the path back to camp for lunch. Meanwhile, in front of their cabins, Susan, Louie, Angela, and Justine are arguing.

"Why has the camp kitchen posted a sign, 'No peanut butter allowed!'"

"I like peanut butter for lunch!"

"Look!" says Justine. "What happened to you guys?"

Tom says, "I still can't believe it!"

Stephen Patrick, Age 5, Saskatchewan

The Mess Mistake

In Camp Oak Tree, the morning bugle call sounded. Lindsey, Kate, Mallory, and Courtney woke from a good night's sleep and went to the mess hall.

Meanwhile, Evan, Mike, and Pete dragged themselves out of their cots and went to meet the girls at the girls' cabin. The boys had forgotten that the girls had said to meet in the mess hall. The boys looked in the girls' cabin—no girls! Then the boys went to look in the woods. They climbed trees—no girls! They looked in swamps—no girls! They looked everywhere—no girls! But they did find Clockers, the camp's watchdog. Clockers was all messy like they were.

Evan said, "Let's head back. We'll miss breakfast."

But . . . just then an unexpected bear cut across their path.

"WOOF!" barked Clockers.

"Grr," roared the bear.

"Run!" ordered Pete.

The boys and Clockers raced, hearts thumping, all the way back to camp.

"Where were you?" asked Mallory.

"Oh, just climbing trees, wading in swamps, and running from a bear to find Y-O-U!" panted Mike.

"But you were supposed to meet us in the mess hall," pointed out Courtney.

"Oh yeah," said Pete. Everyone exploded with laughter!

Rachel Cohen, Age 8, Pennsylvania

What Do You Believe?

"Gather round, everyone. It's about time I told you the truth about Ruffles' feathers," Max announced one sunny day at Camp Adventure.

"OK, Max, let's hear your story," Jake said.

Max began. One afternoon he and Ruffles were playing when Ruffles started to growl. Barking came next. Then Ruffles bolted toward the woods, barking all the way. Calling Ruffles' name, Max followed him. He soon found himself by a cabin. Ruffles was there, growling. All of a sudden, a wizard appeared. Ruffles started barking wildly. The wizard pointed at Ruffles in fear. He said a few words, magic shot out of his hands, and before Max could blink, Ruffles was surrounded by magic. But he remained unharmed. The wizard, frightened, disappeared. Ever since then Ruffles shook feathers out of his body.

Sara put her hand to her mouth in horror. Nathan, Lisa, and Amanda started chuckling, but Marie threw back her head and laughed loudly.

"Oh, come on," she said, "do you really expect us to believe a story like that?" Max shrugged his shoulders.

What do you believe?

Maya Stroshane, Age 11, Massachusetts

Sport and the Bird

One bright fall morning Juan, Michael, Teddy, Gennie, Jennifer, Cathy, and Kellie went to Star-Stone Park. They took Sport the dog with them.

They sat down to rest, and an owl flew by. Sport chased after it but toppled on his head. Then a crow flew behind it. Seeing that the crow was tormenting it, Michael and Cathy took off running after it. But the owl didn't need any help except Sport's. The owl landed on the startled dog's tail and pecked it. Sport swung his tail and threw the owl into the air, and nine feathers came out. The startled crow flew

away. The owl's hero was Sport.

While the nine feathers floated in the air, everyone had a good laugh.

Michael New, Age 9, South Carolina

The Chase

The kids were on a picnic at a camp, and two boys went for a walk in the woods. They heard a sound in the woods, and they thought it was a bear. The boys were scared and started running to the camp, but they tripped on some sticks on the ground. They thought the bear was going to get them. Just when they were the most scared, something came running out of the bushes. It was only their dog. When the boys got back to the camp, they told their friends the story, and their friends laughed and laughed.

Annemarie Bucholtz, Age 6, Kansas

The Very Muddy Story

One day seven kids went camping where tall trees grew and log cabins were scarce. They were Josh, Andy, Lisa, Maria, Kate, Lenny, and Alex. Andy and Lisa were brother and sister and loved to get dirty.

One morning Josh, Andy, and Lisa went on a walk with Josh's dog, Libby. Soon they came upon a muddy pond with ducks in it.

"Look! There are blackberries!" cried Lisa. Lisa loved blackberries. She started to pick and eat them. Now, the pond was right behind the bush. Lisa lost footing and fell in the muddy pond. Andy grabbed Lisa's shirt and fell in. Josh, without hesitation, grabbed Andy's foot and also fell in. As for Libby, well, she just jumped in for the fun of it. Ducks started quacking and flapping their wings. Feathers went all around Josh,

Andy, and Lisa. Libby started chasing the ducks. The kids laughed.

When they came back to the campsite, Andy explained where they had been all morning. Lisa pointed to Andy.

"He grabbed me. Then Josh grabbed Andy." Everyone started giggling, then they laughed, and then the seven kids started laughing harder than they'd ever laughed before. Libby just barked and wagged her tail.

Elyse Hallett, Age 10, California

The Day the Feathers Flew

It was the second day of summer camp for Ben Potter and the rest of his new friends. Ben's friend Tom wanted to go bird-watching to try out his new set of binoculars. They asked Jessie to go along with them, too. She agreed to go, but only if she could bring her dog, Sammy.

After walking for a while, they saw a group of turkeys. The turkeys started running, and the three friends fell into mud puddles trying to catch the turkeys. One turkey turned around and started chasing the dog. Ben said, "The turkey is bigger than the dog." Ben was afraid the turkey would hurt Jessie's dog, so he dove for the turkey and all Tom and Jessie could see was feathers flying. When it was over, all Ben had was ten feathers because the turkey had run away.

When Ben and his friends got back to camp, he told the rest of his friends what had happened. The other campers couldn't quit laughing. If they hadn't seen the mud and feathers, they wouldn't have believed it.

Ryan Ramirez, Age 6, Texas

I Don't Care

By Nancy West

If Isabel doesn't care, who does?

When anyone asked Isabel a question, she always said, "I don't care."

If Mama asked Isabel what she wanted for breakfast, she always said, "I don't care."

So sometimes Mama gave Isabel leftover brown rice, and sometimes she gave her corn flakes and honey.

If Papa asked Isabel if she wanted a ride to school in his truck, she always said, "I don't care."

So sometimes Papa said, "School is out of my way, but I'll take you anyway." And sometimes he didn't.

If the teacher asked Isabel if she wanted to pass out the papers, she always said, "I don't care."

So sometimes the teacher let her pass out the papers, and sometimes she let someone else do it.

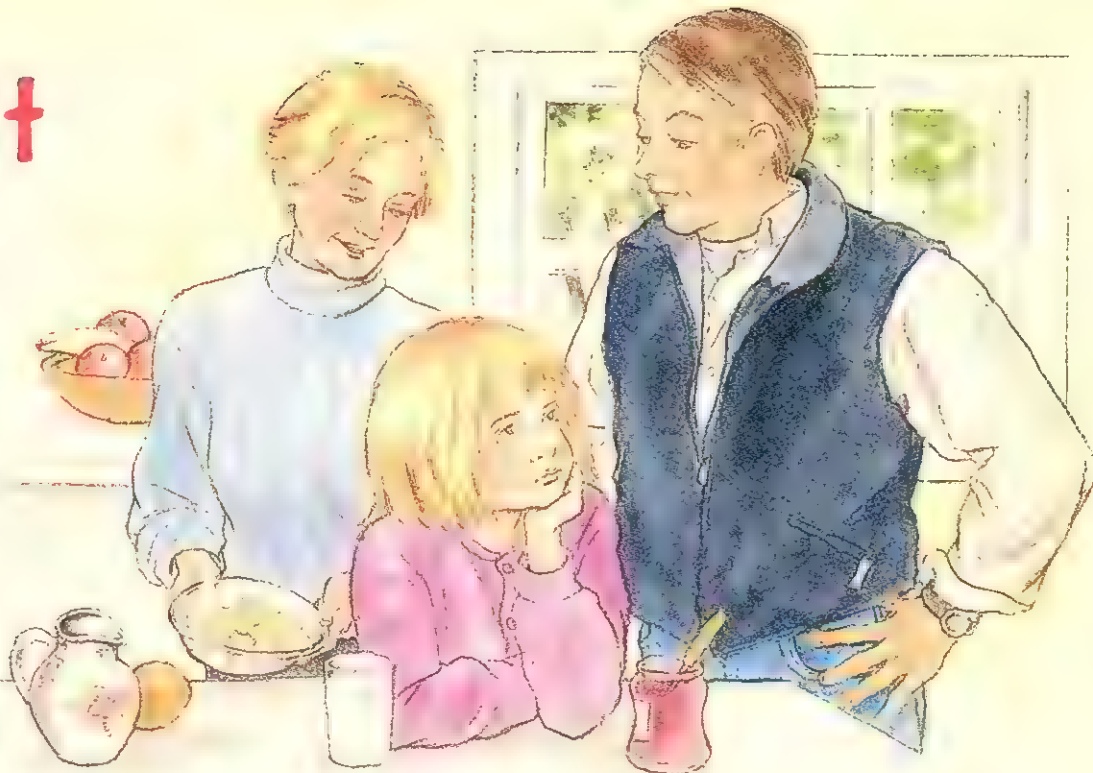
When her friend Janie asked Isabel if she wanted to play after school, she always said, "I don't care."

So sometimes Janie said, "OK, let's

play," and sometimes she said, "Never mind, then."

But after a while, when Mama asked Isabel what she wanted for breakfast and she said, "I don't care," Mama

"It's leftovers for you."



said, "All right, then, it's leftovers for you, my girl."

And when Papa asked Isabel if she wanted a ride to school in his truck and she said, "I don't care," Papa said, "All right, then, you can walk. It's out of my way anyway, my girl."

And when the teacher asked Isabel if she wanted to pass out the papers and she said, "I don't care," the teacher said, "All right, then. Janie, you may hand out the papers."

And when Janie asked Isabel if she wanted to play after school and she said, "I don't care," Janie went to the park with Hester.

"Uh-oh," said Isabel. But Isabel was a smart girl, and as she walked home all by herself that afternoon, she started to think. She thought about breakfast and about riding to school in Papa's truck. She thought about passing out the papers at school and about playing alone.

The next day, Mama started to ask Isabel what she wanted for breakfast. Then she said, "Oh, I suppose you don't care."

But Isabel said, "Mama, I do care. I want waffles with butter and raspberry syrup, please."

"Certainly, Isabel," said Mama.

Papa started to ask Isabel if she wanted a ride to school. Then he said, "Oh, I suppose you don't care."

But Isabel said, "I love riding in your truck. I do want a ride, please, Papa."

"Certainly, Isabel," said Papa.

The teacher started to ask Isabel if she wanted to pass out the papers. Then she said, "Oh, I suppose you don't care."

But Isabel said, "I would love to pass out the papers, please. It makes me feel good to do that."

"Certainly, Isabel," said the teacher.

Janie started to ask Isabel if she wanted to play that afternoon. Then she said, "Oh, I suppose you don't care."

But Isabel said, "I would love to play with you, Janie. Let's go to my house first, and Mama can give us a snack. Then we'll go to your house and play jacks. Let's ask Hester, too."

"Good idea," said Janie slowly, looking surprised.

From then on, Isabel said what she wanted whenever someone asked. Sometimes she said yes. Sometimes she said no. But she never again said, "I don't care."

"I would love to play with you."



Hidden Pictures™

Wilderness Canoeing



In this big picture find the teapot, cupcake, woman's hat, musical note, book, owl, mushroom, toothbrush, ladle, eyeglasses, hoe, and two birds.

Riddles

Can you find these
Hidden Pictures™
on page 14?

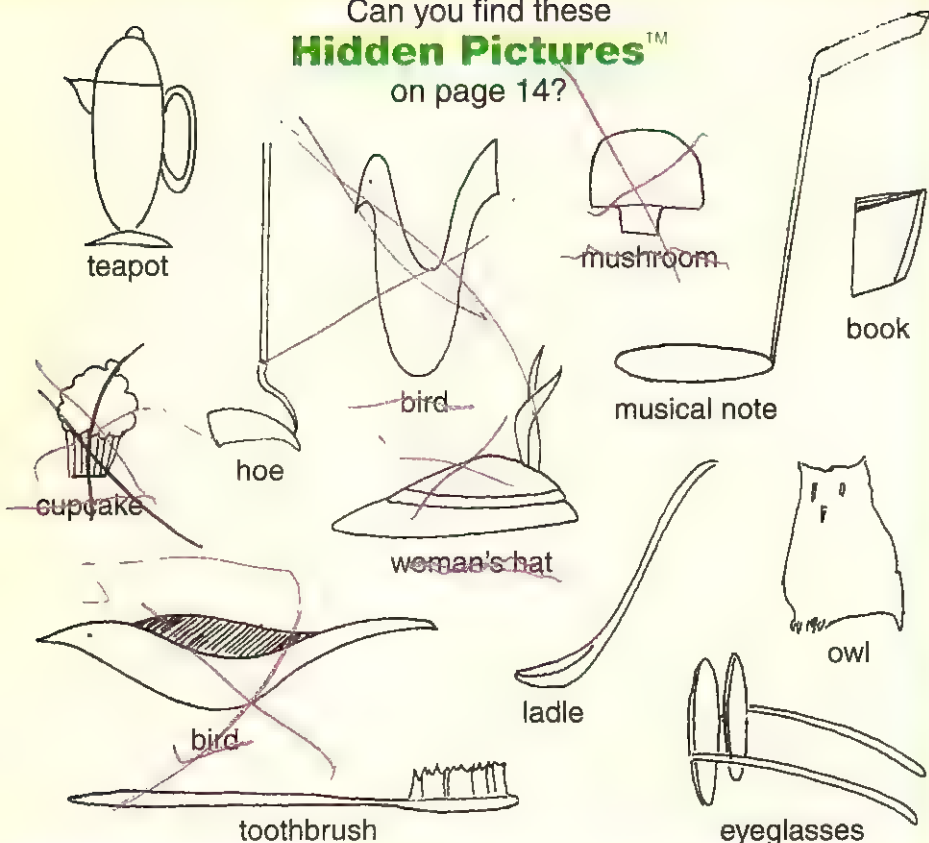


Figure It Out

■ Sammy began his homework at 7 o'clock and finished it at 8:30. During that time, he received a phone call from his friend Kyle and spoke for twenty minutes. How long did Sammy really spend on his homework?

■ Tina lives four blocks from school. One morning after she had walked halfway to school, she returned home to get a book she had forgotten. How many blocks did she walk before getting to school?

■ Mr. Olsen rides a bus to and from work each day. The fare is thirty-five cents, but he can buy a package of ten bus tokens for three dollars. If Mr. Olsen works five days per week, how much money can he save in one week by buying tokens?



1. Why is a pencil like a riddle?
Kristine Nguyen, California

2. Which horse won the race?
Eric Dietz, Tennessee

3. What are two five-syllable words that can have the same meaning?
Alan Gottesman, Vermont

4. Why do trains keep running?
Daniel Fetterolf, South Carolina

5. What did Benjamin Franklin say when he flew a kite in a lightning storm?
Colleen Banks, Pennsylvania

6. What did one spider say to the other spider?
Ashley Fucaloro, Massachusetts

7. Why does the sky cry?
Lindsay Smith, Florida

8. What can you hold in your left hand that you can't hold in your right hand?
Sara Savarani, California

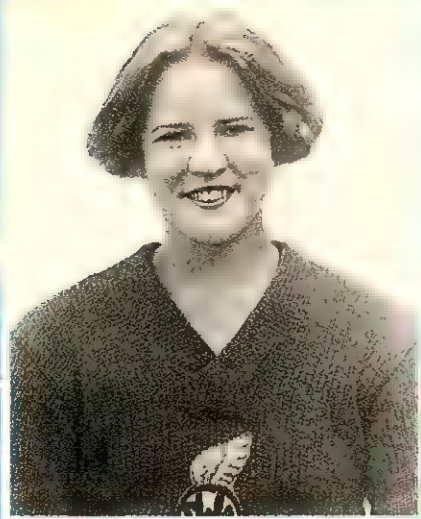
9. Name two flowers that are opposites.
Will Parke-Hoffman, Oregon

10. When can you ride a bike on wet cement without getting any cement on your bike?
Angela Schuster, Minnesota

11. Why do you always find sea-shells on the beach?
Manasa Ravi, Pennsylvania

12. Imagine that you are in a box and there is no way to get out. How will you get out?
Pillip Ka, New Jersey

Answers:
1. It's no good without a point. 2. The one in front. 3. Thingamabobber and whatchamacallit. 4. Because they are training. 5. Nothing—he was too shocked. 6. "Do you have your own Web site?" 7. Because it's blue. 8. Your right elbow. 9. Morning glory and evening primrose. 10. When the cement has dried but is wet with water. 11. It's a shore thing. 12. Stop imagining.



America's Best Girl

By Tracey E. Fern

Stroke. Stroke. Stroke. Gertrude “Trudy” Ederle was fourteen miles off the coast of France and seven miles from her goal—the coast of England. She had been swimming for eleven hours through frigid water. Rain pelted down, the tide dragged her backward, and the salty water had caused her tongue to swell to twice its normal size.

“You must come out!” someone finally yelled from a nearby tugboat.

Trudy raised her head and looked into the black waves. “What for?” she called back. Trudy knew this was her last, best shot to become the first woman to swim the English Channel. She put her head back down. Stroke. Stroke. Stroke.

The Swim of a Lifetime

When Trudy stepped into the water on August 6, 1926, few people thought the nineteen-year-

old had a chance of swimming the Channel. Although the narrow sea that separates England from France is only twenty-one miles wide, the tides are treacherous, the water is bone-chillingly cold, and the weather is unpredictable. To make matters worse, the Channel was laced with raw sewage, stinging jellyfish, clinging seaweed, and heavy ship traffic.

The Channel was so dangerous that by 1926 only five people in history had been able to swim across it, and all of them had been men. Most people thought no woman was strong enough to complete such an arduous swim. “Women must admit that in contests of physical skill, speed and endurance, they must remain forever the weaker sex,” a London newspaper had said just one day before Trudy’s swim. Trudy was determined to prove the skeptics wrong.

Facing the Challenge

Trudy was one of the best all-around swimmers in the world. She held eighteen world records and had won three medals at the 1924 Olympic Games in Paris.

Trudy was used to rough seas, too. At home in New York, she swam for miles in the open ocean every day during the summer, no matter what the weather. And she had been training in the Channel for the past three weeks.

But Trudy had tried to swim the Channel once before. In August of 1925, Trudy had come within six miles of England. Then she had gotten horribly seasick. Her trainer had to pull her out of the water.

Trudy knew that if she didn’t make it this time, there was a good chance that her rival, Clare Belle Barrett, would beat her across the Channel. Clare Belle had come within a few miles of



In 1926, Trudy Ederle became the first woman and the fastest person to swim the English Channel.

completing the swim herself, and was planning to try again soon.

Braving the Rough Seas

The sea was a chilly sixty-one degrees Fahrenheit when Trudy waded into the water off Cape Gris-Nez, France, at 7:09 A.M. She wore a black two-piece bathing suit, a skull cap, heavy goggles, and eight layers of grease to protect her from the cold. The spectators cheered. Trudy waved and plunged in.

The tug *Alsace* chugged along beside her carrying a sign that read "This way, ole kid!" with an arrow pointing forward. Trudy's

coach, Thomas Burgess, was on-board, along with her father, sister, and friends.

Trudy started off with a strong crawl, pulling steadily at twenty-eight strokes per minute and kicking eight beats for every full stroke of her arms. Her space-eating crawl covered the first four miles in just three hours. Coach Burgess was worried that Trudy wouldn't be able to keep up that breakneck pace.

"Take your time!" he called out to Trudy. But Trudy just kept swimming.

She stopped for her first meal at 10:30 A.M. and sipped beef extract while floating on her back. Then she started swimming again.

Her friends hung over the side of the *Alsace* and sang silly songs to keep Trudy from getting bored. It was working: Trudy was on world-record pace. But by early afternoon, it was clear that trouble was brewing.

Trudy had chosen this day for her swim because weather forecasts were favorable, but at 1:30 P.M. it started to rain. At first, the rain was gentle, but within a few hours a full-fledged storm swooped across the Channel. By 5:00 P.M. the sea was rough, the tide was running against Trudy, and a stinging spray was being hurled into her face.

By 6:00 P.M. it seemed hopeless. The waves and tide were so fierce that for every few yards Trudy swam, she was pushed back twice as many. And the storm showed no signs of letting up.

Coach Burgess leaned over the side of the *Alsace* and begged Trudy to get out of the water. But Trudy was only six miles from the English shore. "No! No!" she shouted. She fought the storm for three more hours. Finally the wind and rain eased and the tide

turned. Now it was sweeping her toward the shore.

Trudy finally stubbed her toe on the beach at Kingsdown, England, at 9:40 P.M. She had been in the water for fourteen hours and thirty-one minutes. Trudy wasn't just the first woman to swim the Channel, she was the fastest person to swim it. She had smashed the world-record time by almost two hours.

But Trudy's swim had taken a toll on her body. The pounding waves had damaged her hearing, so Trudy eventually gave up professional swimming and became a swimming instructor for deaf children.

"To get over that Channel was my biggest and only ambition in the world," she said. "I just knew it could be done, it had to be done, and I did it."

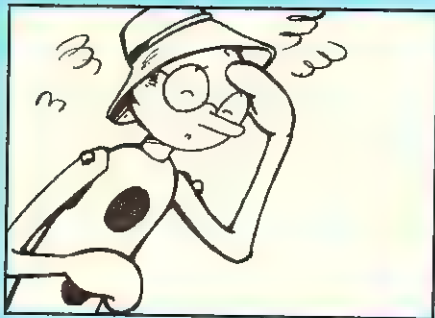
Trudy's courage, determination, and sheer athletic ability gave women "a greater respect for their own powers, on the land as well as in the sea," one newspaper said. President Calvin Coolidge agreed. He called Trudy "America's best girl."



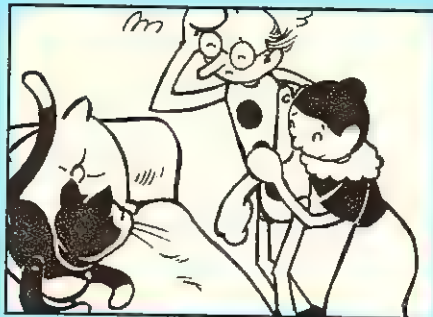
A fan offered her best wishes as Trudy set off on her world-record-breaking swim.

THE TIMBERTOES

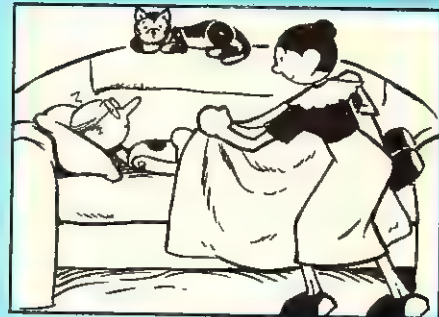
By Marileta Robinson • Illustrated by Judith Hunt



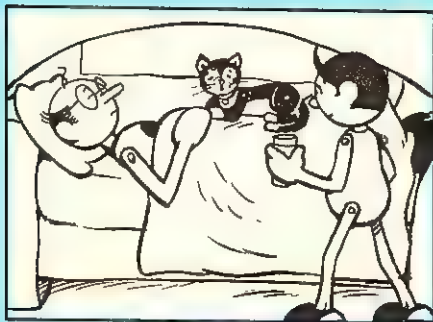
Pa didn't feel well.



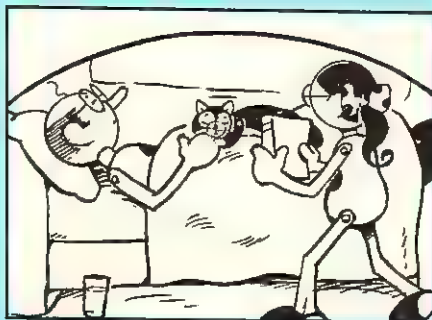
"Lie down," said Ma.



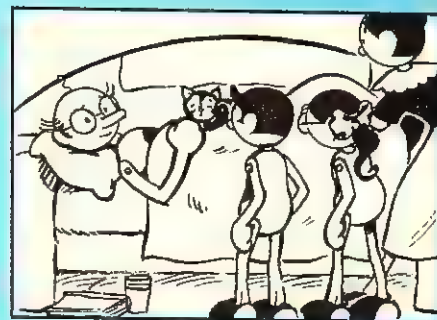
She brought a blanket.



Tommy brought some water.



Mabel brought a book.



"Just rest for a while."



Ma mowed the grass.



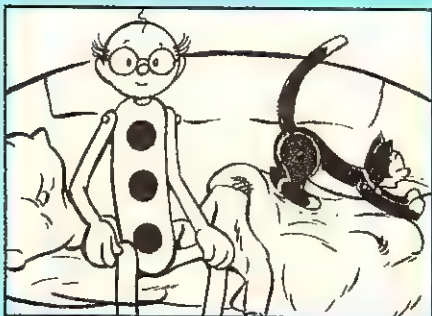
Mabel raked.



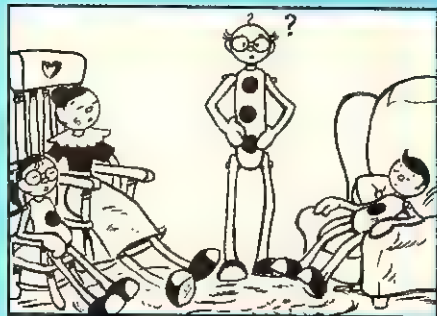
Tommy put the grass in the garden.



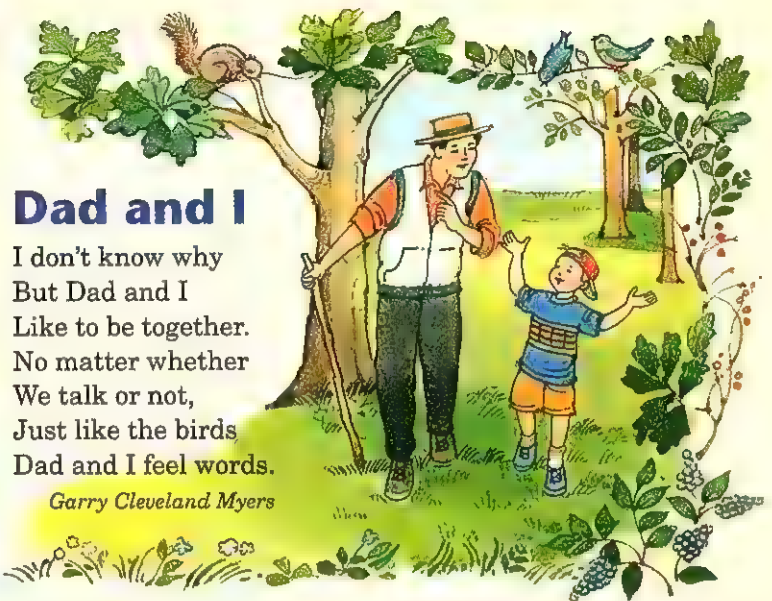
They finished Pa's chores.



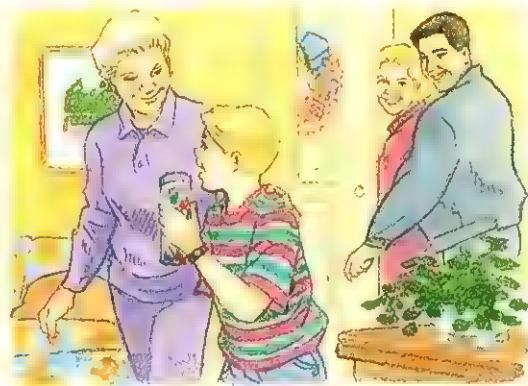
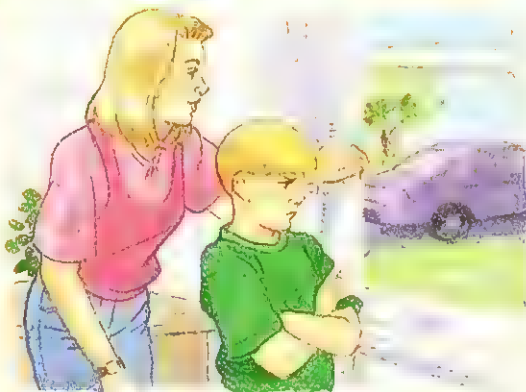
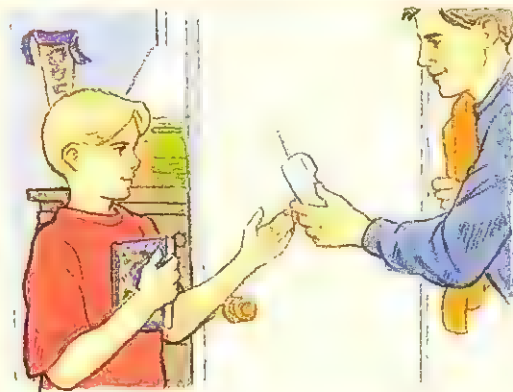
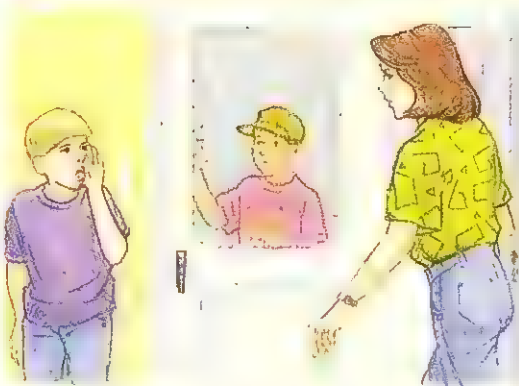
Pa was feeling better.

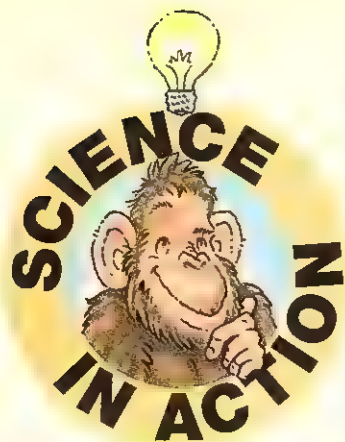


"What's the matter with everyone?"



Goofus and Gallant





ARE ANIMALS INVENTORS?

By Gail Jarrow and Paul Sherman

You use inventions every day. For some simple ones, think of a spoon or hammer. Other inventions are complex, such as a car or telephone. Many people think that only humans invent tools.

Not so fast. Some animals use tools, too. For example, fire ants use moss to soak up water and carry it home. Sea otters use rocks to crack open mussel shells. Does that mean that these animals are also inventors?

Finding out isn't easy. We can't ask an otter how it knew to use a rock as a hammer. Was it born knowing this? Or did it copy another otter's invention?

Scientists often approach these questions by watching animals in nature. They have noticed that all sea otters—young and old—use rocks to break hard shells. All do it basically the same way. And all fire ants use their moss the same way, too. So tool use by otters and fire ants may be an inborn ability.

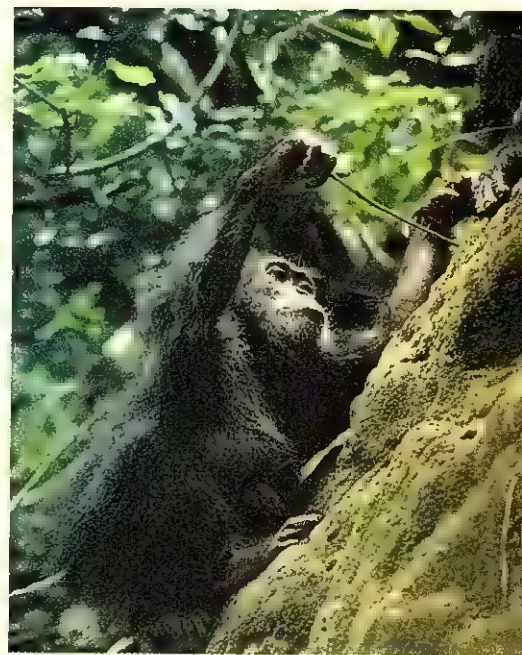


A naked mole-rat holds a wood chip behind its big gnawing teeth while it tries to chew through the wall of a plastic box. This tool keeps bits of plastic from going down the rodent's throat and windpipe.

The Termite Catcher

For some other animals, it's a different story. Chimpanzees use a stick to catch termites. A chimp finds a branch, strips off its leaves and side branches, and breaks the stick to the ideal length. Then it carefully pokes the tool into holes in a termite mound. The termites attack the stick. When the chimp pulls out the stick, it's covered with tasty termites. Unlike sea otters, individual chimps construct and handle their tools differently.

There is another clue that chimps invented this tool. Young chimps learn the skill by watching older chimps. The first few times a youngster makes a probe from a stick, the tool is crude and doesn't work well. By practicing, the young chimps improve their tool-making skill.



A chimpanzee uses a stick to fish for termites.

A Rodent's Dust Mask

Scientists gather more clues about an animal's use of tools by observing how the animal behaves in a new situation. Dr. Paul

Sherman and Gabriela Shuster used this approach with naked mole-rats. These gerbil-sized African rodents live in underground tunnels, in colonies of up to three hundred members. In Dr. Sherman's laboratory at Cornell

University, their homes are plastic tubes, in which they often gnaw holes with their large front teeth.

Before gnawing at the plastic, a mole-rat picks up a piece of wood shaving or root husk. The animal places the shaving or husk behind its front teeth. This shield keeps plastic dust out of the rodent's throat and windpipe while it gnaws.

Dr. Sherman and Ms. Shuster weren't sure when mole-rats started using these "dust masks." No one had noticed if the rodents used the wood shavings when the animals were first brought into laboratories twenty years ago. Scientists also don't know if wild mole-rats use dust masks when they gnaw at dirt because no one has ever seen them working underground.

To learn more, Sherman and Shuster added bricks of fine sandstone, similar to the mole-rats' native soil, to the plastic tunnels. The mole-rats sometimes used the dust masks, but not as often as when they gnawed at plastic. When the researchers added cork, plastic foam, and clay, all of which broke off in chunks, the mole-rats never used wood shavings.

Did the mole-rats invent the dust mask to keep fine, irritating plastic out of their

throats? Mole-rats in several laboratories use the wood shavings the same way. This could mean that naked mole-rats are born knowing how to shield their throats whenever digging creates fine dust.

But only the older mole-rats use the shavings. This could be a clue that the younger ones aren't born knowing how to use shavings as dust masks but have to learn it from their elders. That would mean at least one mole-rat invented the tool. Instinct or invention? No one is sure yet.

A Puzzle for Ravens

Another animal tool-user is the raven. This bird collects rocks, then drops them on intruders. Is the raven inventive? To find out, Dr. Bernd Heinrich gave ravens a problem they had never seen before.

He tied meat to the end of a long string that was attached to a perch. The ravens could not pull bits of the meat loose by flying and grabbing at it. The only way to eat the meat was to pull the string up to the perch. But Dr. Heinrich made the problem harder

by choosing a string that was too long to be raised with one pull.

At first the ravens pecked at the string or dived at the meat. Finally, one bird sat on the perch and pulled up a short length of string with its beak. The raven used its foot to clamp the string to the perch, which prevented the meat from falling back to its original place. The bird then used its beak to yank up another length of string. After repeating this several times, the bird could grab the meat.

Eventually, most of the other ravens pulled up the string in a similar way. Once a bird figured out the solution, it used the method perfectly every time. Because none of the ravens solved the problem immediately, Dr. Heinrich concluded that they had invented a solution.

Did some birds learn the solution by watching the first raven, or did each one figure out the problem alone? He couldn't tell, but his experiment showed that at least the first raven had been an inventor.

Animals other than humans probably won't invent complicated tools like computers or airplanes. But some of them are more inventive than you might think.

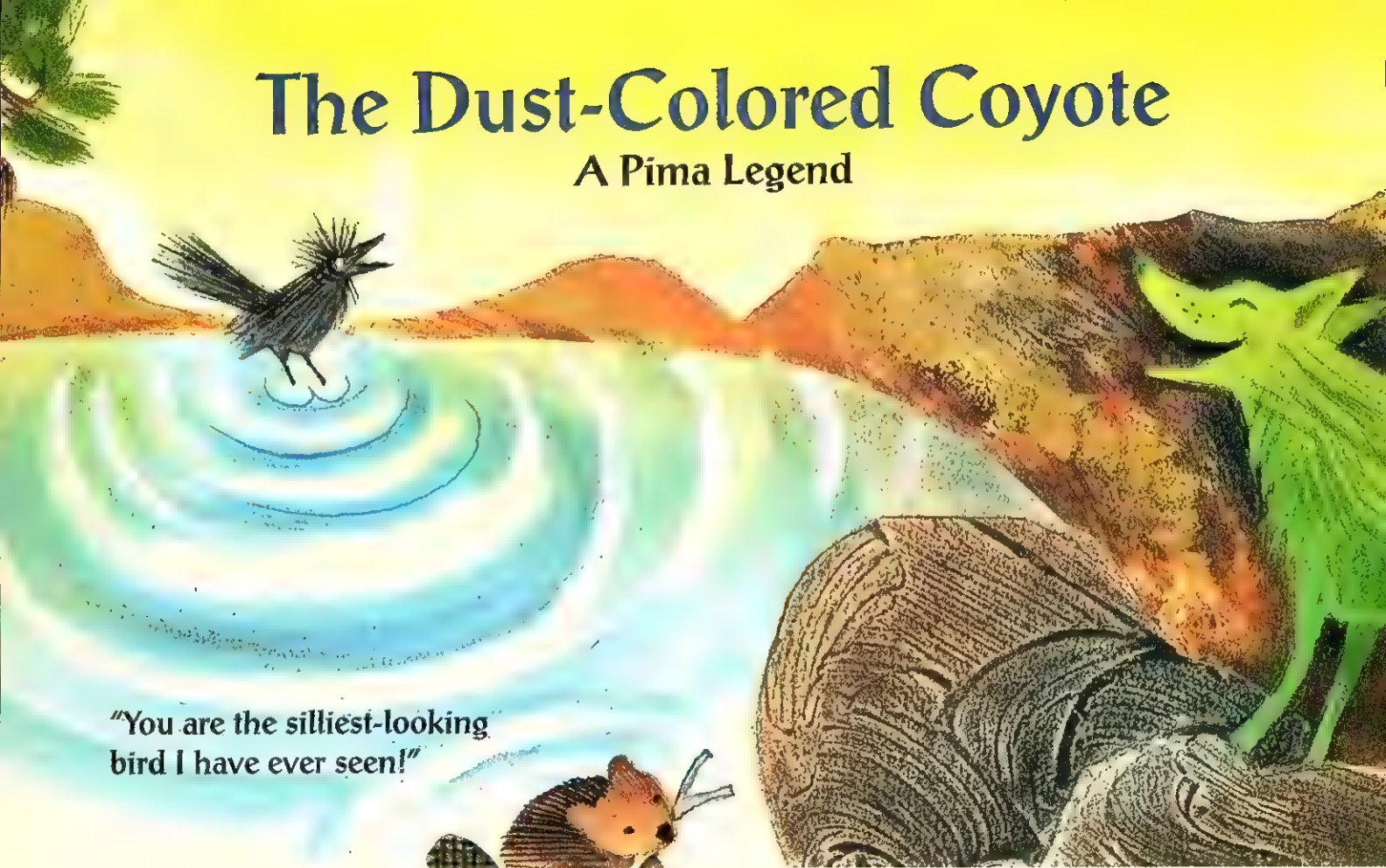
Some of them make their own tools.



Smart raven! This bird figured out how to pull up a piece of food that was hung on a string.

The Dust-Colored Coyote

A Pima Legend



"You are the silliest-looking bird I have ever seen!"

Adapted by Gay Seltzer

In the old days, when the world was new, Coyote was a pale green color. Vain and proud, he strutted through the Great Forest, sure that his fur was the loveliest in all creation. He sniffed grandly whenever he saw Owl or Beaver, sure that all he met were jealous of his beautiful green coat.

One day, as he was looking for something to eat, Coyote came to a clear, shimmering lake. Glancing at himself in the water, Coyote preened and pranced, posing this way and that to better admire his reflection.

"How grand I am," he said. "There is not another creature half as magnificent!"

Just then, at the far corner of the lake, Coyote saw an ugly little bird whose gray feathers sprouted from its skin at odd angles and in

different shapes. The bird jumped into the clear water and began to sing.

Coyote laughed. "You are the silliest-looking bird I have ever seen!" he said. "You do not have one feather on your body that could be called lovely."

The bird did not pay a bit of attention but continued bathing in the shimmering water of the lake. Suddenly it fluttered from the lake and lay shivering on the bank. All of the ugly gray feathers floated to the earth until the bird lay quivering in its bare skin.

Coyote howled with laughter. The bird jumped into the lake once more. When it came out, it was covered with beautiful blue feathers. It hopped about and sang loudly, "This water is blue, and I am blue, too."

Coyote became very quiet. He

looked once again at his reflection. Then he looked at the beautiful blue bird. Was Coyote still the finest-looking creature in the forest? He was no longer sure.

"I must have a blue coat like that," Coyote muttered to himself. "I absolutely must have a blue fur coat!"

Finally Coyote could stand it no longer. "Little blue bird," he cried, "you must tell me how you changed your ugly gray feathers to those beautiful blue ones! I will give you anything you want. But I must know your secret!"

The little blue bird fluttered his feathers to dry them. Then he began to smile. "I will gladly share my secret with you," he said. "But you must follow my directions carefully."

"I promise," said Coyote.

"This is a magic lake," said the bird. "Go into the lake four times



Coyote found Beaver at the pond. "Look at me!" he called to his friend.

Beaver was busy. He dived again and again searching for food. All the while he ignored Coyote's calls.

"I said, 'Look at me!'" yelled Coyote once more.

Beaver was too busy.

Coyote lifted his head as high as he could, trying to catch Beaver's eye. "You are missing a wonderful sight!" he yelled.

Of course, with all this conversation, Coyote did not look where he was going. Suddenly he hit a tree stump and rolled over into the dust. He rolled and rolled. He could not get his balance. He rolled for so long that his breath was gone and clumps of his fur were stuck on brambles and pine branches.

in four days and sing the magic song. The fourth time, all your fur will fall off. Then, when you jump into the water a fifth time, all your fur will become this brilliant shade of blue."

"You must teach me the song," Coyote begged. "I must be that wonderful shade of blue!"

So the bird taught Coyote the song, and Coyote jumped into the lake four days in a row. The fourth time, all his fur fell off. After he jumped in the fifth time, his fur became a beautiful bright blue.

Well, was Coyote the proud one! He acted grander than ever. He believed he was more elegant than any other creature. He pranced and preened through the Great Forest, looking for Owl and Beaver to show them his brilliant blue fur.

When Coyote finally got up, his beautiful blue fur was all dust colored! His once bushy tail was thin and straggly. And his pride had disappeared.

And that is why, ever since that day, all coyotes have been the color of dirt. And that is why, ever since that day, all coyotes hold their heads low and watch very carefully where they walk!



He rolled and rolled.

Downtown Chuckles

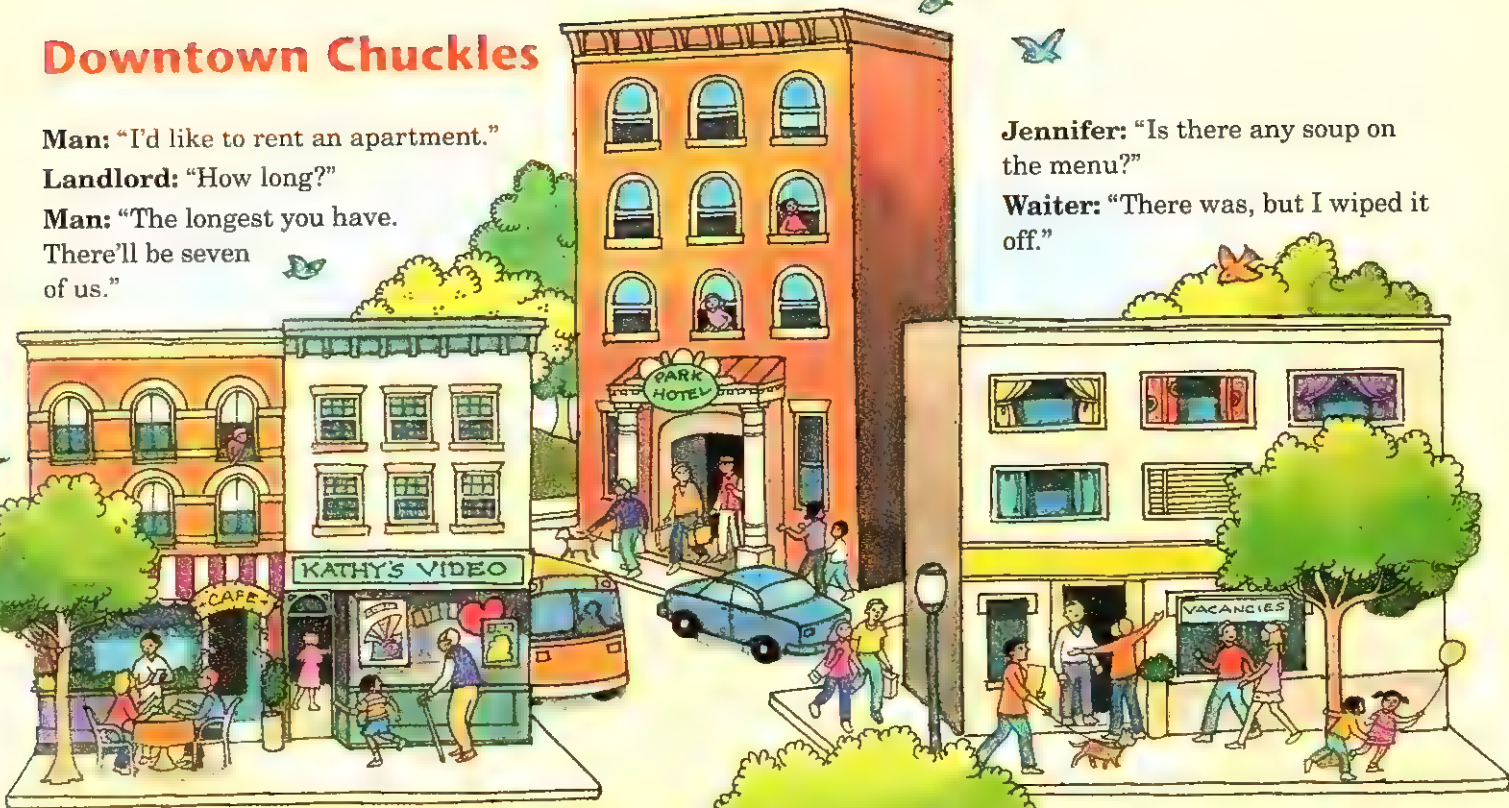
Man: "I'd like to rent an apartment."

Landlord: "How long?"

Man: "The longest you have.
There'll be seven
of us."

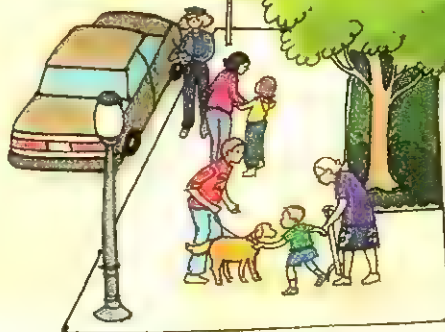
Jennifer: "Is there any soup on
the menu?"

Waiter: "There was, but I wiped it
off."



A computer technician was late for a job. Unable to find a parking place except in a No Parking zone, he placed a note on the windshield saying: Technician Peter Jones, working inside of building.

When he returned, he found a ticket and another note: Tanya Franklin, police officer, working outside of building.



As he left the hotel, a departing guest said to the bellhop, "Quick, run up to room 404 and see if I left my coat. Please hurry because I have just three minutes to catch a train."

Two minutes later the bellhop came back all out of breath. "Yes, sir," he reported. "It's up there."

Check . . .



and Double Check



There are at least twelve differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?

Science Letters

Answered by Jack Myers, Senior Science Editor



Following the Light

How do moths get in the lights? In my room there are little moths in the light.

*Cristina Ramirez, Age 10
California*

That seems to be a common problem. Although most moths fly only at night, they are attracted to lights. In fact, they are so strongly attracted that some of them will fly right into a candle flame and get burned up.

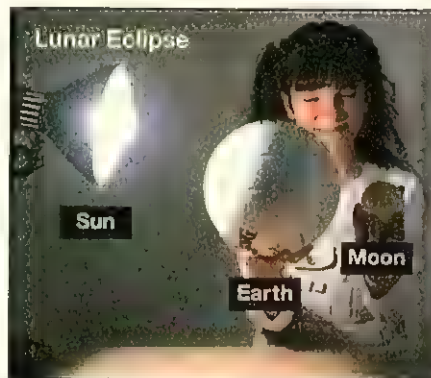
In lamps around your house, moths may fly toward the fixture until they hit a hot lamp bulb. If the bulb is inside a closed light fixture, a moth may fly toward the fixture again and again, and finally hit a space that it can pass through. Then you will have a dead moth in the light fixture.

Different Eclipses

What's the difference between a lunar eclipse and a solar eclipse?

*Agatha Jadwiszczok, Age 11
New York*

A lunar eclipse occurs when the Sun, Earth, and Moon are lined up so that the Moon passes through the Earth's shadow. Usually, the Moon remains partly visible—often with a red color from sunlight that is bent a little as it passes through the Earth's atmosphere. Lunar eclipses occur much more often than solar eclipses, sometimes twice a year. You don't see all of them because some occur when your area is in daylight and some other parts of the world are in night.



A solar eclipse is an unusual event that occurs when the Sun, Moon, and Earth are lined up. Then the Moon's shadow may fall on us in such a way that we cannot see part of the Sun. Since both the Earth and the Moon are moving, the shadow moves rapidly in a path across some part of the Earth's surface. The path is so narrow that for any one place on Earth, a perfect, or total, solar eclipse occurs only about once in three hundred years. The shadow moves so fast that a total solar eclipse lasts only a few minutes.



Getting Burned

How do you get sunburn?

Megan Los, Age 8, Ontario

Sunburn sounds like something caused by heat. When it occurs, your skin is likely to feel hot. But actually sunburn is not caused by the heat part of sunlight. The redness and hot feeling come from increased flow of blood to the skin. The darkening is the result of a reaction of chemicals that are a

normal part of your skin.

Sunlight has a lot more parts to it than we usually think about. Sunburn is caused by a special section of the "light" part of sunlight. It is called UV-B. Your eyes are not sensitive to UV-B, so technically UV-B does not give any brightness to sunlight.

A lot of exposure to sun is bad for you, even before you get enough to be sunburned. It makes

your skin wrinklier. It can be even worse because it can cause skin cancer. I have just had a little operation to remove cancerous cells from my ear. The doctor told me that those cells may have started to become cancerous as I played out in the sun when I was a boy, in the days before sunscreens.

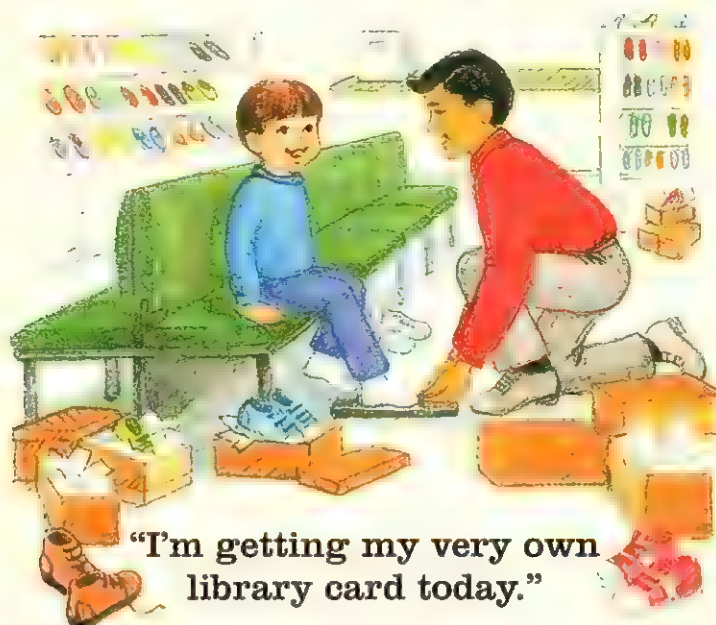
Sunlight can be bad for you. Take it only in small doses or when you have used a sunscreen.

Mike Gets a Library Card

By LaDonna Frankenheim

Mike was excited. He was going to get his very own library card today. But first his mother had to stop at the shoe store, the mall, the flower shop, and the bakery.

While Mike was getting his foot measured at the shoe store, he told the shoe man, "I'm getting my very own library card today."



"I'm getting my very own library card today."

"That's great, Mike," said the shoe man. "You should read *The Elves and the Shoemaker*. That was my favorite book when I was your age."

Next Mike and his mother stopped at the mall to look for new bed sheets and a pillow. While Mike's mom was looking, Mike told the salesperson, "I'm getting my very own library card today."

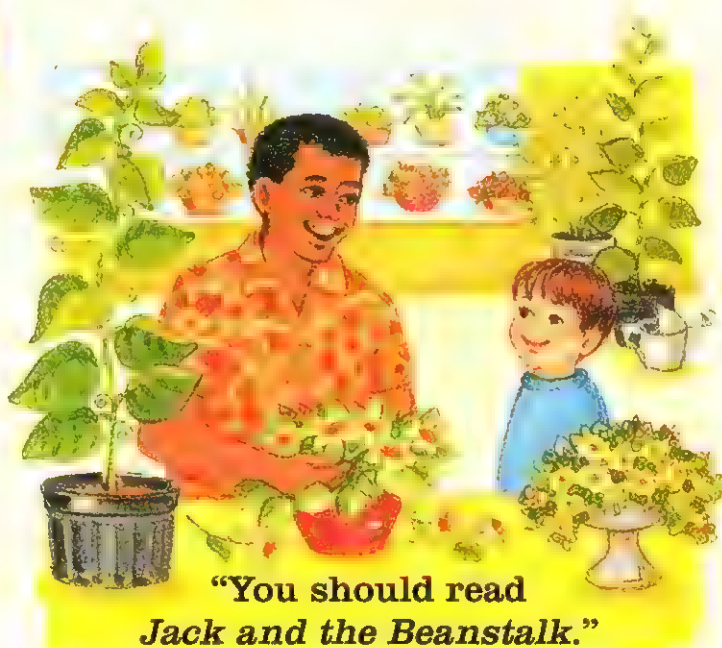


"You should read *Sleeping Beauty*."

"That's terrific, Mike," she said. "You should read *Sleeping Beauty*. That was my favorite book when I was your age."

At the flower shop, Mike told the florist, "I'm getting my very own library card today."

"That's wonderful, Mike," he said. "You should read *Jack and the Beanstalk*. That was my favorite book when I was your age."



"You should read *Jack and the Beanstalk*."

They had one more stop to make, at the bakery. As the baker was putting their gingerbread cookies in a box, Mike told him, "I'm getting my very own library card today."



**"You should read
The Gingerbread Boy."**

"That's magnificent, Mike," he said. "You should read *The Gingerbread Boy*. That was my favorite book when I was your age."

Mike and his mother were finally on their way to the library! They hopped on a bus. Mike told the bus driver, "I'm getting my very own library card today."

"That's amazing, Mike," she said. "You should listen to the CD with the song 'The Wheels on the Bus.' That was my favorite song when I was your age."

Mike and his mother walked into the library. Mike told the librarian, "I'm here to get my very own brand-new library card."

"Hooray for Mike!" said

the librarian. He asked Mike what book he wanted to check out with his brand-new library card.

Mike thought for a minute. He thought about all the people he had met that day and what their favorite books had been when they were his age.

"I don't know yet," Mike said. He went into the children's room and looked around. He looked on the highest shelf. He looked on the lowest shelf. There it was, staring right at him—the perfect book. He took the book to the front desk, where his mom and the librarian were waiting.

"Well, Mike, what did you pick?" they asked.

Mike smiled and turned the book around so they could read the title—*Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel*.



Thinking



- In each of these scenes, what might happen next?
- If you were in these situations, would you do what these kids are doing? Why or why not?



- How might each of these situations have come about? Do you think there might have been any way to prevent these situations from happening?
- Tell about a time when you helped someone or solved a problem.



- What things have you done that you were proud of? That you weren't proud of? What have you learned from your mistakes?
- Why is it important to think before acting?

Tongue Twisters

Pigs play pinball at pizza palaces.

Sabrina Zak, Age 10, Ohio

Six shaved sheep shivered silently.

*Ryan Powell, Age 9
Pennsylvania*

Perfect pink.

Greg Kinman, Age 6, Texas

Rodney wrote a word with rhythm.

*Sarah LaDouceur, Age 10
Illinois*

Chris can't crush cans.

*Kimberly Siegle, Age 7
Maryland*

Send the trickiest tongue twister you've ever heard (or one you've made up), with your name, age, and complete address, to **Tongue Twisters**, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN, 803 Church Street, Honesdale, PA 18431.

Voyage to Jupiter

Five space creatures are each going to different cities on the moons of Jupiter. Zu and Tu are Martians; Agi, Ogi, and Ugi are from Pluto. They've lost their paperwork and forgotten where each was going. The control center could provide only these clues. Can you figure out which creature is going to the cities of Wein, Teie, Ante, Agus, and Untu?

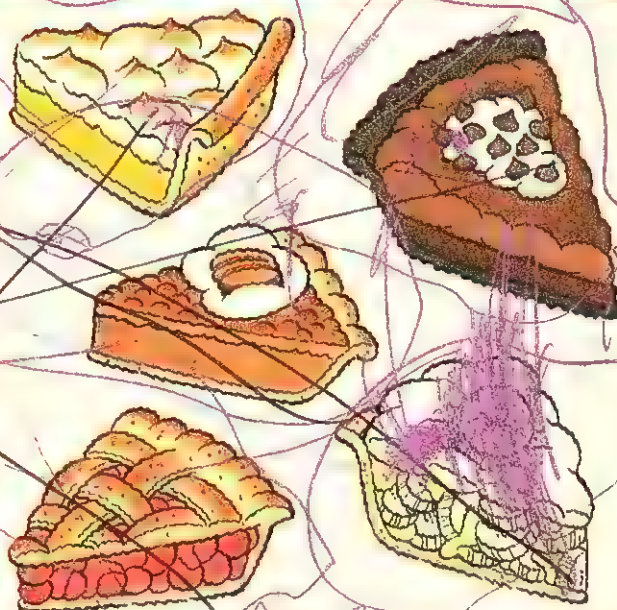
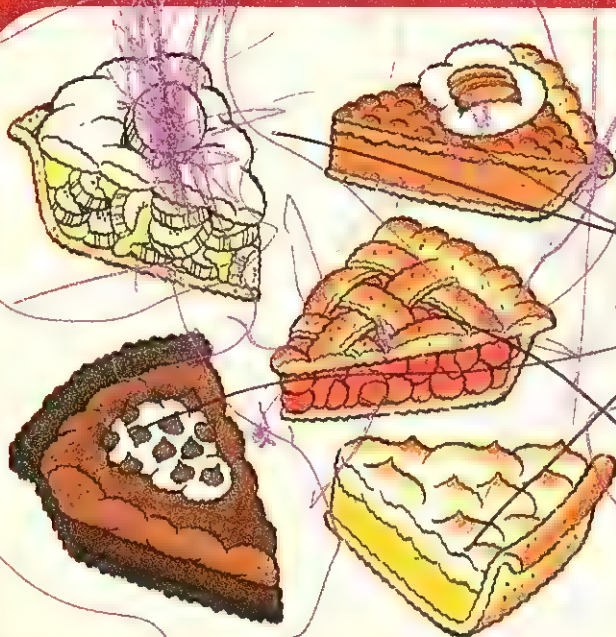
1. No Martian is going to Agus.
2. Agi is going to a city that starts with the letter A.
3. Martians are going to Teie and Wein.
4. Every Pluto explorer except Ogi is going to a city that starts with the same letter as his name.
5. Tu is going to a city that has a letter appearing twice in its name.
6. The second letter of every traveler from Pluto matches the second letter of the city Ogi will visit.



Answer on page 39.

Matching

Look at each slice of pie on the left. Find one like it on the right.

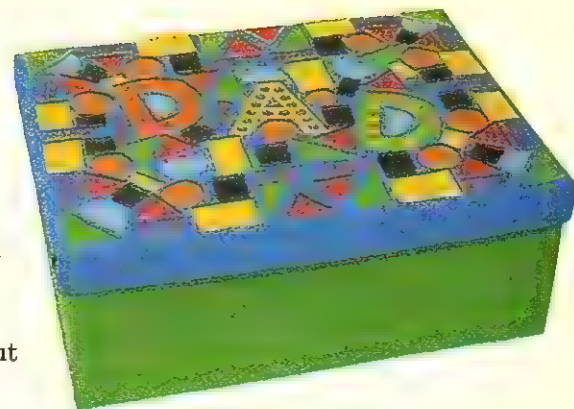




Give a hold-all box as a Father's Day gift

By George Georgeff

1. Separately cover a shoebox and lid with paper.
2. Cut out shapes from various colors of paper. Cut out letters if you wish to put a name on the box. Use a hole punch to make small circles.
3. Arrange and glue the shapes on the lid of the box to form a "mosaic" design.



4. Give the box to your dad so that he can fill it with CDs or cassettes, golf balls and tees, fishing lures, or anything he likes!



A pebbly armadillo to wear on your wrist

By J.B. Boyles

1. Cut a short cardboard tube lengthwise. For the body, cut off a 1½-inch-long section.
2. To form legs, cut out a triangle from each end (where the circle was joined).
3. From the scrap cardboard, cut out a tail and a head with ears. Glue them onto the body. Turn up the ears. Paint the armadillo.
4. Collect pebbles. Use tacky craft glue to attach them to the armadillo, then set it around another tube while the glue dries.



Make a puppet pal from a pizza box

By Juliana Barnes

1. Clean a (not too greasy!) pizza box with a damp cloth. Cover the top and sides with gift wrap.
2. Make eyes, a nose, a mouth, a beard, and legs from construction paper. Glue them on.
3. Poke four holes in the bottom of the box, one in each corner. Poke one hole in the top of the box, behind the creature's nose.
4. Cut five 2-foot-long pieces of string. Tie a button on one end of each.
5. Slip four of the strings through the holes in the bottom so that the buttons are inside the box. Bring the string ends around to the top of the box, and tie them to a 15-inch-long dowel or stick so that the puppet hangs evenly.
6. Slip the fifth string through the hole in the top so that the button is inside the box. Tie the string end to another dowel or stick.
7. To make your puppet pal "talk," hold one dowel in one hand and move the other dowel with your other hand.



Craft Challenge!

With an adult's permission, gather odds and ends (such as old keys, buttons, zippers, buckles, beads, and jewelry) and use them to make wind chimes.

Form this snake into all kinds of shapes

By Gwen Farrow

1. For a pattern, trace the shape at left onto paper, then cut it out.

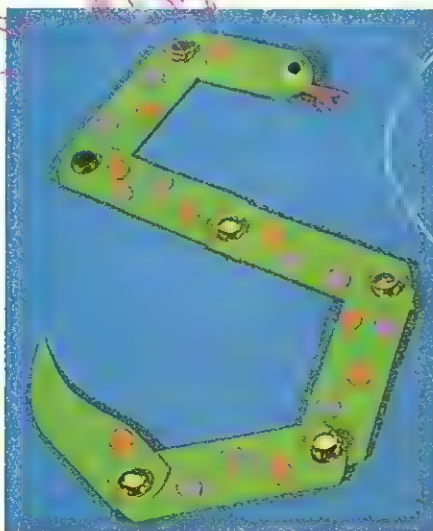
2. Trace around the pattern at least seven times onto poster board. Cut out the shapes, and punch a hole in both ends of each one.

3. Connect the shapes with metal

fasteners. Trim the end shapes to look like a snake's head and tail.

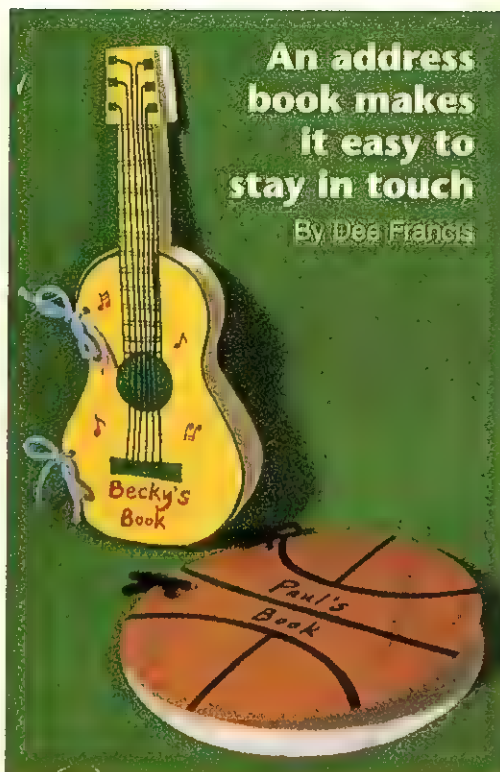
Glue on a paper tongue, a wiggle eye, and punched-paper circles.

4. See how many pictures you can form using the snake, or use it to play letter or number games with a young child.



An address book makes it easy to stay in touch

By Dee Francis



1. For your book, select a simple shape that's special to you, such as a basketball or a guitar. Draw the shape on poster board and cut it out.

2. Trace around the shape once onto poster board and eight times onto paper. Cut out the shapes.

3. Place the paper shapes between the two poster-board shapes. Punch two holes at the edge of each shape, and tie all of them together with two pieces of yarn.

4. Decorate the cover of your address book. Inside, write the names, addresses, e-mail addresses, phone numbers, and birthdays of people you know. Or leave the book empty and give it as a gift.

There's something fishy about this hat!

By Marie E. Cecchini

1. Tie yarn around one end of a mesh produce bag. The part below the knot should fit on your head like a hat. Trim the bag above the knot.

2. Lay the hat on a table and slide waxed paper into it. Use tacky craft glue to attach real or paper seashells onto one side of the hat. When the glue dries, turn the hat over and glue more shells on the other side. Let the glue dry, then discard the waxed paper.

3. Shape chenille sticks into fishhooks. Attach them to the bottom of the hat.

4. Draw and cut out fish shapes from plastic lids. Decorate them with permanent markers and bits of yarn. Punch a hole in each fish's mouth, then slip a fish onto each hook.



Moving Blues

By Kelly Musselman

Cate walked slowly through the empty house one more time. "Good-bye, kitchen," she whispered. A shiny spot on the scuffed linoleum stood out where the refrigerator had been until yesterday afternoon.

Dark squares stood out on the living room walls where family pictures had hung. Cate rubbed her sneaker over a pink stain in the carpet. That was where she'd spilled a glass of grape juice when she was seven. The stain never did come out, and her mother ended up moving the furniture around to hide it.

Cate's throat tightened when she passed the door to the laundry room. Short lines were pencilled across the door frame, with tiny numbers written next to them. Cate ran a finger over the numbers as she read them out loud.

"Age two, thirty-four inches. Age three, thirty-eight inches. Age four, forty inches. Age five, forty-four inches."

"Stand up straight, now," her dad would say as she stood against the wall. Then he'd place the ruler on her head and mark the frame with his pencil. "No fair

stretching!" he'd say with a laugh.

Cate sighed. Whoever bought the house would just paint over the numbers. All the growing up she'd done here wouldn't mean anything to them.

"Cate! We're almost ready to leave. Do you have everything?"

Cate jumped, startled. "Um, yes, I guess so, Dad. I just wanted to see my room one more time before we go."

"All right, but hurry up."

Cate took the stairs two at a time. How many times had she run up and down these stairs, she wondered.

Second room on the left. Cate tiptoed up to the door and pushed it open. How lifeless it looked! Thumbtack holes dotted the pale yellow walls from the dozens of posters she'd hung up over the years.

She gazed out the window at the yard below. There was her jungle gym, bare patches under the swings where she'd dragged her feet a thousand times. Her old sandbox, which her mother had turned into an herb garden. Her favorite tree to climb and read books in. How many hours had she spent daydreaming there?

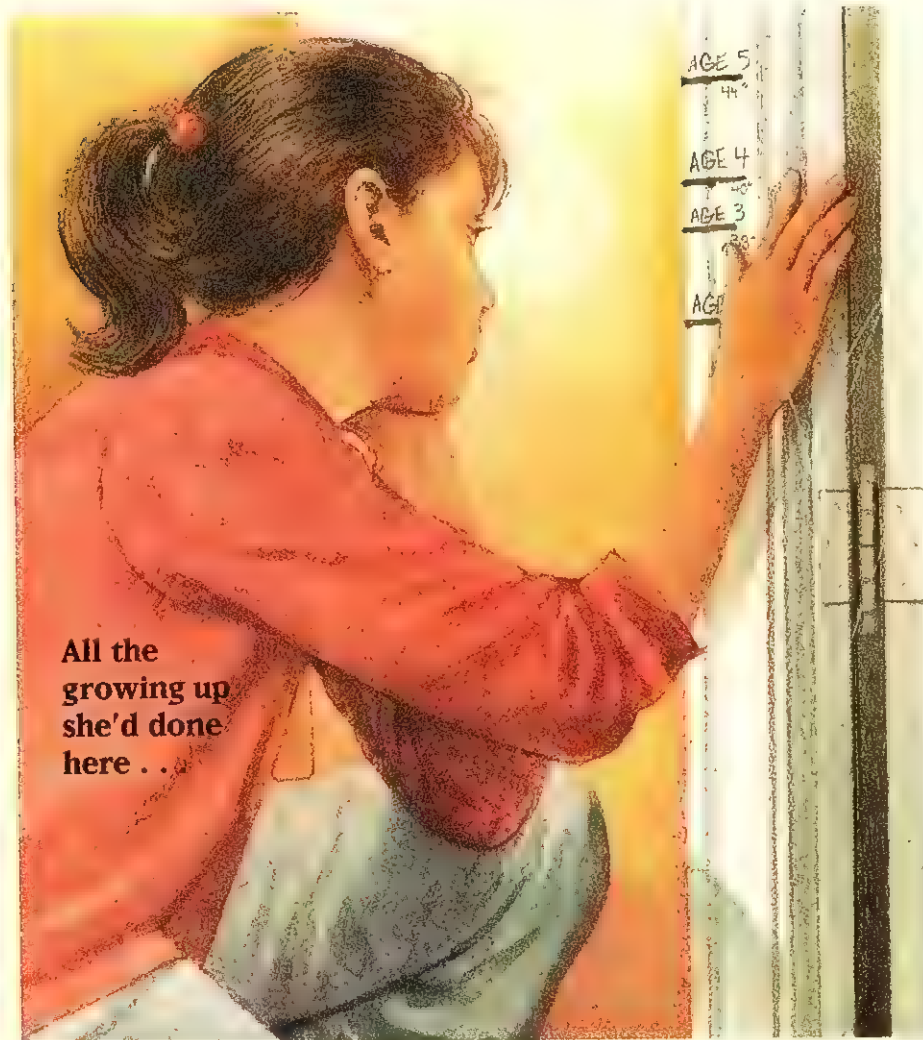
Cate pressed her cheek against the window, her breath fogging the glass. Well, it was no use daydreaming now, she thought, blinking back tears. They were moving, and there was nothing she could do about it. The only thing she was sure about was that she didn't like it.

"So, what do you think?" Mom asked.

"It's OK." Cate shrugged.

"OK? Just OK? Why, I think it's the nicest one we've looked at."

"Not as nice as our old house," Cate mumbled under her breath.



All the
growing up
she'd done
here . . .

Mom pulled her into a hug. "Cate, I know you miss our old house, but we can't go back to it. Dad's job is here now."

Cate wriggled out of her mother's grasp. She stood by the fireplace and stared into the cold ashes.

"Why don't you take a look outside while I talk with the real-estate agent?" Mom suggested.

Cate sighed and trudged out the front door, banging it noisily behind her. The yard was big, with lots of old oak trees that stretched their branches up to the second-floor windows. Cate noticed that one huge gnarled oak had crooked wooden steps nailed up the side of it.

She reached for the first rung. Well, why not? she thought. This tree was obviously meant to be climbed.

She clambered up the oak. On the second-to-last step, her foot slipped as the board wobbled to the right. "Oomph," she gasped as she grabbed for the last rung. Down was a long way off, and she didn't want to fall. She pulled herself into the crook of the tree.

"Not bad," she said, looking around. The leaves were thick, but she had a clear view of the house and the property below. She could see into one of the upstairs bedrooms. From here she could probably even climb in! She leaned closer to the window.

The pane was smudged, but she could see an empty room with a dusty wooden floor and a window seat. There were two doors, one of which she figured must lead to a closet.

Cate settled back in the tree. A large knothole in the opposite limb caught her eye. Maybe it was a squirrel's home. Hanging on to a limb, Cate stood up to peek inside. There was something in the hole,

but it wasn't a squirrel.

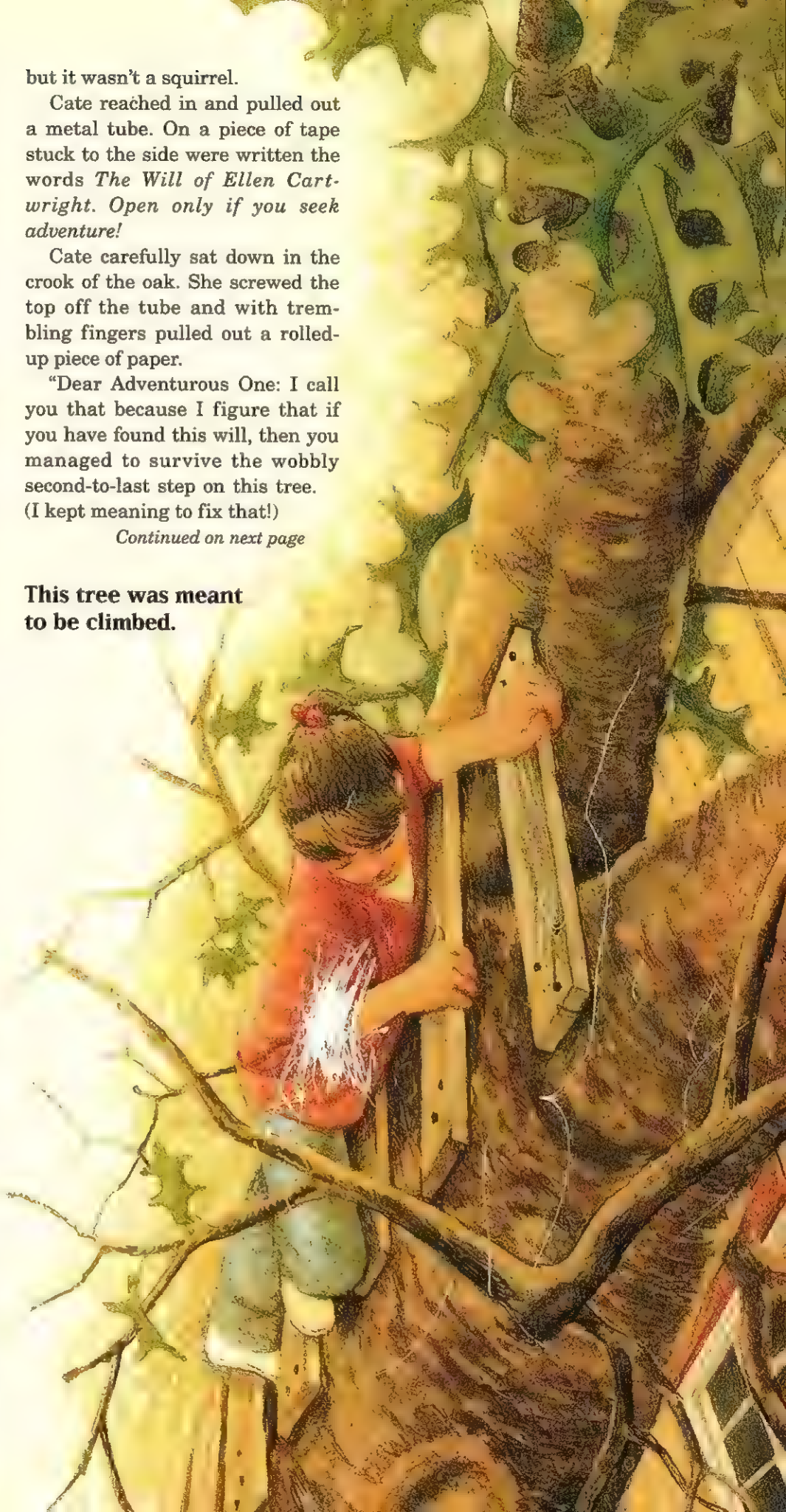
Cate reached in and pulled out a metal tube. On a piece of tape stuck to the side were written the words *The Will of Ellen Cartwright. Open only if you seek adventure!*

Cate carefully sat down in the crook of the oak. She screwed the top off the tube and with trembling fingers pulled out a rolled-up piece of paper.

"Dear Adventurous One: I call you that because I figure that if you have found this will, then you managed to survive the wobbly second-to-last step on this tree. (I kept meaning to fix that!)

Continued on next page

This tree was meant to be climbed.



Continued from page 33

"Now I shall tell you what I, Ellen Cartwright, bequeath to you in this will.

"First, I leave you my room. You can see it from this very spot, and yes, you can climb into it from this tree—if the window is open, that is!

"I leave you my window seat for reading, thinking, and bird-watching (it's the best spot in the house) and the big walk-in closet for playing, hiding, and throwing all your stuff into when your mom tells you to clean your room.

"I leave you the banister on the stairs for sliding down, the fireplace for roasting marshmallows, and a front door that bangs really loud. I also leave you the basketball hoop in the driveway, the blackberry (yummy!) bushes in the

backyard, and of course, this wonderful old tree.

"I've lived here all my life, and leaving this house was one of the hardest things I've had to do. The only things I can't leave you are the memories that I made here; I took them with me. But I know that you won't need them. You'll be busy making your own.

"So, I leave you. I am off seeking new memories at my new home.

"Ellen Cartwright, age 12."

Cate rolled up the note, slipped it back into the metal tube, and stuck the tube in her pocket. "The first thing I'm going to do," she said as she climbed down from the oak, "is to fix that wobbly step." After all, this was going to be her tree now. Ellen had left it to her, the Adventurous One.



Justin: "How do you like the soup I made?"

Dustin: "It's soup-endous!"

Melissa Lindley, California

Samuel: "Would you like to hear two short jokes and a long one?"

Sarah: "OK."

Samuel: "Joke, joke, joooooooooke."

Sarah Schleif, Hawaii

Nancy: "It's so dark here, even that tree is scared."

Vars: "That is impossible."

Nancy: "Look a little closer. It's petrified."

An excited man ran frantically down the ferry landing, leaped across six feet of water, and landed with a crash on the deck of the ferry.

"Well," he gasped as he picked himself up, "I made it!"

"What's the hurry?" asked the deckhand. "This boat is coming in!"

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Canoe.

Canoe who?

Canoe help me with my homework?

Katherine Herrick, New Jersey

Bob: "Go look in the cage over there. You'll see a ten-foot snake."

Matthew: "Don't you try to kid me. I know snakes don't have feet."

Kaylee Lawrence, Texas

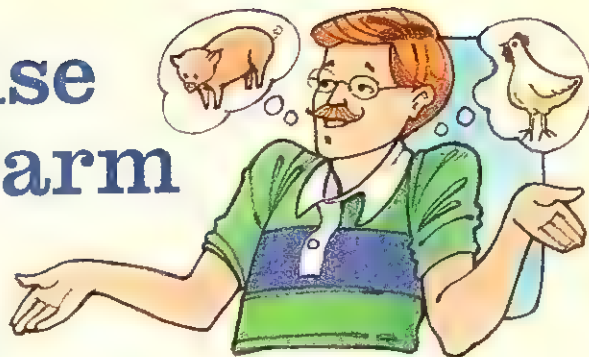
Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you've ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to





Highlights for Children
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431






A Surprise from the Farm

By Lori Menning








 Holly visited Grandpa's  farm. "Guess what I brought for you,  Dad," said  Holly when she came home.




"Did you bring me an  egg?" asked  Dad.


"No," said  Holly. "I left the  egg for the  chicken to hatch."









"Did you bring me sweet-smelling  hay?" asked  Dad.

"No," said  Holly. "I left the  hay for the  cow to eat."

"I know," said  Dad. "You brought me some  mud!"

 Holly laughed. "No, I left the  mud so the  pig could stay cool."

"I give up, then," said  Dad. "What did you bring me?"

"It's a painting of the  egg and the  chicken and the  hay and the  cow and the  mud and the  pig I saw on Grandpa's  farm," said  Holly.

Our Own Pages



Sir Prize, the Bagpipe Man
Sherree Rayner, Age 7
Mississippi

Summer Evenings

The smell of fresh-cut grass fills the air,
The crickets' chirping breaks the silence,
The evening sunset shines down on you,
As the calm summer breeze warms your soul.

Tyler Goodwin, Age 13
Maine



Best Friends Forever
Meg Devereux, Age 8
Florida

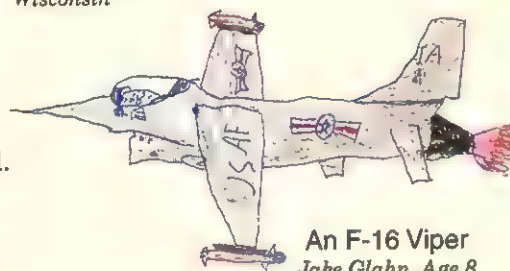
Anything Is Possible

Did you ever go around doing some thinkin'
Of being someone great like Abraham Lincoln?
Did you write a song and want the world to sing,
Or ever have a dream like Martin Luther King?
Did you ever want to dance like Fred Astaire?
You see you can do anything if you dare.
Did you ever want to play golf like Tiger Woods,
Or do what St. Nicholas did and give out goods?
Did you ever want to make something like glue,
Or write a song about a boy named Sue?
If you dare to dream, anything is possible!
That is what it would seem.

Levi Cerminara, Age 11
West Virginia



Taking a Drink
Jessica Terry, Age 9
Wisconsin



An F-16 Viper
Jake Glahn, Age 8
Iowa

My Life!

My life is as great
as a monkey itself. It's
sometimes boring, but who
cares? I don't. My life is weird,
like aliens stopping for lunch!
My life is a fresh breeze
blowing my hair. My life on a
Halloween night is as spooky as
a can be! When I shout, it sounds
like one thousand dogs crying
at the same time. So, you see,
my life is great as can be. You
know what I mean?

Brenda La, Age 8
Ohio



Portrait of a Dachshund
Jamie Davis, Age 10
California

The Wind

The wind scrambled by. The wind
makes plants and leaves on trees move.
The wind blows in my hair. Sometimes
the wind can be so strong, it can blow
trees down. It can make a lot of damage.

But if it's hot, a little bit of wind is
nice.

I like a little bit of wind.

Kalie Sherwood,
Age 7
Oregon



Best Buddies
Brittney Benjamin, Age 10
Michigan

Angels

Once upon a time getting off the school bus,
I got off at the wrong stop. I started crying. I
wanted my mom and dad. An angel
came to help me. She said,
"Shana, don't cry. I'm
here to help you get
home." I smiled at her.
Remember, angels are
always watching.

Shana Davis, Age 7
Louisiana



Peace Is . . .

Peace is . . .
Snuggling with
Walter, my puffy platypus,
stroking his fur
and falling asleep.

Under Grandma's tan blanket
we cuddle,
feeling her arms around us,
even though she is gone.

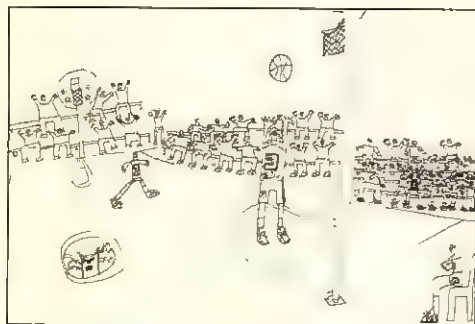
Peace is . . .
Playing with Legos
in Liam's basement,
shaping boats,
asteroids,
spaceships, and
bugs.

Find what you love.
Hold it close.
That is peace.

*Andrew Schick, Age 6
Massachusetts*



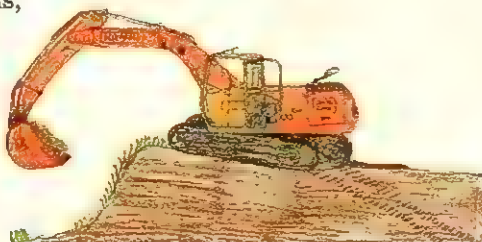
*Kaelyn McBride, Age 12
Tanzania*



*Daniel Brandt, Age 5
Maryland*



*Hiking with Dad
Ryan Lynch, Age 6
Texas*



*Road Construction
Chris Dell 'Erba, Age 12, Massachusetts*

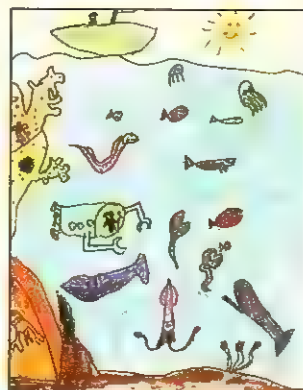
Dreams

Maybe I'll dream
Of a dragon
Breathing fire
Or a Gogogoo
Chasing me.

Maybe I'm a king,
Ruler of the world,
Or saving a little girl.

But now I am
Starting a wonderful dream.
Good night, all the poems
That I've seen.

*Bobby Driscoll,
Age 7
Virginia*



*The Ocean
Al Mireault, Age 6
Vermont*

My Sand

I have very different sand,
it has many colors bright.
It is in a little bottle,
and it is beautiful day and night.
It's not the type of sand
that you'd find lying on a beach,
For it is orange, yellow, green,
blue, pink, and peach.
The colors of the sand
have many special powers.
I could stare and stare at it
for many, many hours!

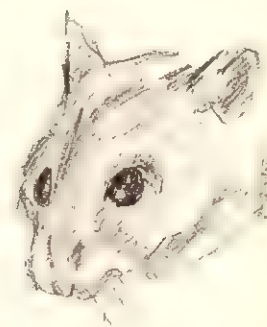
*Emily LeBlanc, Age 9
Nova Scotia*

Fathers

Fathers are strong, guiding, caring,
Protective, loving, warm, and sharing.
Fathers are fun in many ways,
And their love will get you through the
worst of days.

They'll take you camping, fishing, hiking,
Mountain climbing, backpacking, or biking.
No matter what kind of storm may brew,
He'll lay it on the line for you.
Through thick, thin, better or worse,
From the smallest problem to the ultimate
curse,
He's with you to the very end.
For you, much more than life will he vend.
But, Dad, you do much more than that,
You love me and can always look at things
from where I sat.

*Megan Newman, Age 11
Texas*



*Sam Holmgren, Age 9
New Jersey*

Spring

The air is like a blue jay,
floating softly.
In the spring,
everything is better.
The world looks delicate.

*Clinton Dixon, Age 10
Missouri*

Are you thinking of sending a story, poem, or picture to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper, not lined paper. We prefer short verse. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.



"That was a funny story. Where did you hear it?"
 "My dad told it to me while we were washing the car."



"How many times must I tell you?
 Don't chew your food!"

Nature Watch

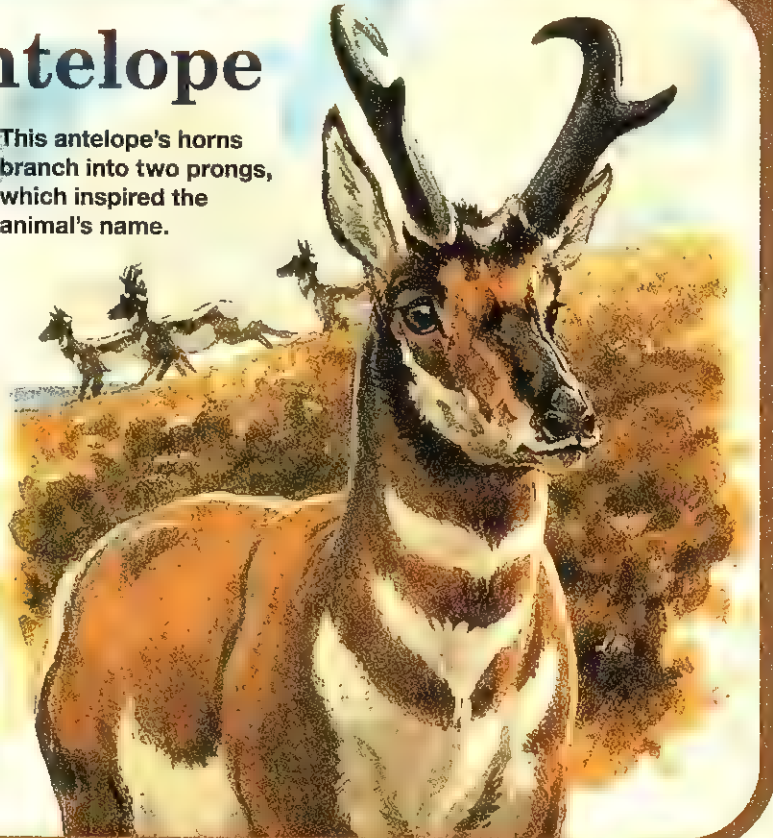
From the Roger Tory Peterson Institute

Pronghorn Antelope

Did You Know? The pronghorn is the fastest land animal of the Americas. It can run faster than forty miles an hour, sometimes taking leaps of twenty feet. The pronghorn's speed helps it escape from predators, such as coyotes.

Try This: Compare the running speeds of a person and the pronghorn. Mark both ends of a place to run that is straight, flat, and fifty yards long. This stretch of ground, which is half the length of a football field, will be your running track. Using a watch that shows seconds, have one person keep time while the other person runs along the track. How long did the runner take? An Olympic sprinter could run the same distance in about five seconds. The pronghorn can go that far in about two and one-half seconds.

This antelope's horns branch into two prongs, which inspired the animal's name.





Headwork



Start at the beginning and see how far you can go, thinking of good answers from your own head.

What face do you make for the camera?

Name some things you can pick up with your toes.



Who eats the most vegetables in your house?

Think of a nickname you'd like.

What's the largest seed you can think of? What's the smallest?

Which of these have you done outdoors: eaten? slept? danced?

Do you keep better track of time when school is in or out? Why?

Which fruits are naturally divided into sections?

How many words can you think of that start with the letter Q?



How is concentrating while taking a test different from concentrating while playing sports?

Which of these do you eat with your hands: spaghetti? potatoes? grapes? pretzels? pancakes? corn?

Jeremy's dad tried to log on to the Internet, then said to himself, "Someone in the house must be on the phone." How might he have known?

Gianna asked for a helmet for her birthday. What sport might she enjoy?



During a usual conversation, do you do more talking or listening?

If you were to give away all but three of your belongings, what three things would you keep?

What happens to soda that's left uncapped? What happens to milk that's left unrefrigerated?

What might be some advantages of an electronic book?



How is a sculpture like a song?

If you were walking to your music lesson and you saw a child who was lost, would you help him even if it meant you'd be late?

What things might happen if there were no gravity on Earth?

Illustrated by Jody Taylor

"Voyage to Jupiter" (page 29)

Zu is going to Wein; Tu to Teie; Agi to Ante; Ogi to Agus; and Ugi to Untu.

The best way to solve a puzzle like this one is to make a chart, listing each of the travelers on one side and each of the cities across the top, like this:

	WEIN	TEIE	ANTE	AGUS	UNTU
ZU					
TU					
AGI					
OGI					
UGI					

As you follow each clue, you can put an X in each box as you eliminate that possibility. For example, the first clue tells us that Zu and Tu (the Martians) are not

	WEIN	TEIE	ANTE	AGUS	UNTU
ZU					
TU					
AGI					
OGI					
UGI					

going to Agus, so we can put an X in those boxes.

Clue 2 lets us eliminate Wein, Teie, and Untu as possibilities for Agi. Clue 3 eliminates Teie and Wein for the other two travelers from Pluto—Ogi and Ugi. It also eliminates Untu and Ante as destinations for the two Martians—Zu and Tu. So now our chart looks like this:

	WEIN	TEIE	ANTE	AGUS	UNTU
ZU				X	X
TU				X	X
AGI	X	X			
OGI	X	X			
UGI	X	X			

Clue 4 tells us that Ugi must be going to Untu (and not to Ante or Agus). It also tells us that Ogi won't be going to Untu. Let's put an O in any box that shows a correct

	WEIN	TEIE	ANTE	AGUS	UNTU
ZU				X	X
TU				X	X
AGI	X	X			
OGI	X	X			
UGI	X	X			O

answer, such as Ugi going to Untu.

Clue 5 tells us that Tu must be going to Teie, since it is the only possibility for him that has a letter repeated in its name. So Zu must be going to Wein, since that is the only possibility he has left. We can put X's in the other boxes for Tu and Zu, since we now know where they are going.

Clue 6 reveals the last fact we need to complete the puzzle.

	WEIN	TEIE	ANTE	AGUS	UNTU
ZU	O	X	X	X	X
TU	X	O	X	X	X
AGI	X	X			
OGI	X	X			
UGI	X	X	X	X	O

"Mystery Photos" (page 43)

1 and D (bulldozer); 2 and C (airplane); 3 and A (wheelbarrow); 4 and B (lawn mower)

Tickled by a Butterfly

By Keith D. Waddington

I was walking with my family on a trail in Shenandoah National Park in Virginia. The trail wound through woods, up and down hills. It was a hot day. We wore shorts and T-shirts, even though the mosquitoes were hungry. We had been on the trail for two hours, and we were tired. My two daughters, Lisa and Michelle, stumbled along in front of me.

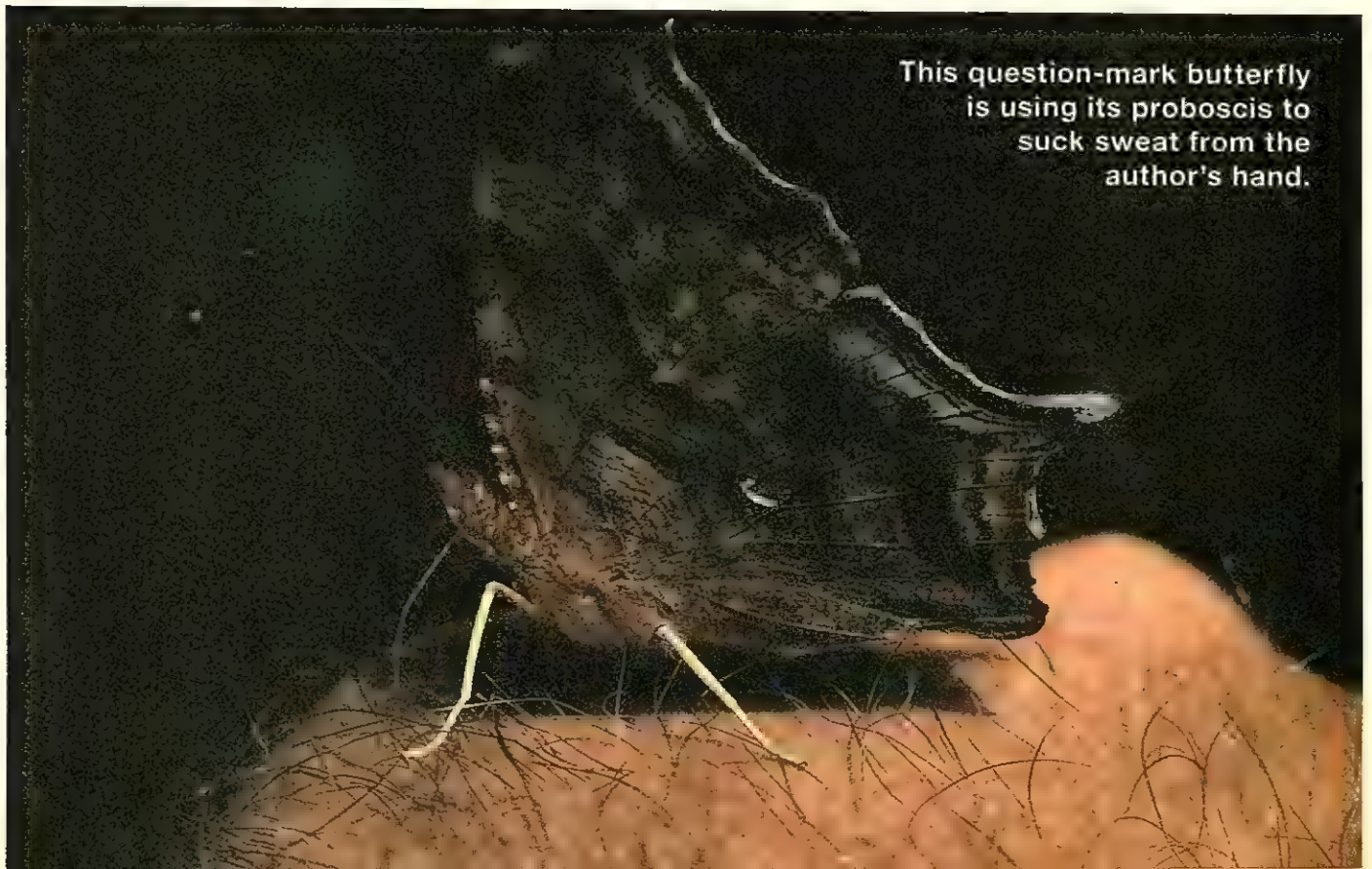
Suddenly, I saw a question-mark butterfly (named for the small white marks on its wings). It flew from the trail's edge directly onto my hand. I was startled. I lifted my hand to take a closer look.

Every butterfly has a tube-shaped organ called a *proboscis* (pro-BOSS-iss). It works like a soda

Some butterflies feed on flowers, but this butterfly was feeding on me!



A butterfly keeps its proboscis curled up when it's not using it.



This question-mark butterfly is using its proboscis to suck sweat from the author's hand.

straw and, in most butterflies, is used to suck sugary nectar from the inside of flowers.

This butterfly's proboscis was touching my wrist. I called to my family, and they ran back to me. "Why is that butterfly sucking sweat on your hand, Dad?" Lisa asked. "Sweat does not contain sugar, does it?"

No, sweat does not contain sugar.



Most butterflies eat nectar from flowers.



These butterflies are *puddling*, or sucking salt from a drying mud puddle.

Part of the answer to Lisa's question is that question-mark butterflies do not usually visit flowers as other butterflies do. Instead, they suck juices of rotting fruits and dead animals. They'll also eat sticky sap on tree trunks. Flowers are used only when they cannot find these foods.

I have never thought of myself as looking like rotting fruit or a dead squirrel. But the sweat on my hand may have some of the same things in it as the question mark's natural foods. Sweat has water and some salts that butterflies like. Touch the tip of your tongue to your sweaty wrist. You can taste the salt.

Most butterflies, including the question mark, usually get salt from the ground. You may see butterflies sucking salt at the edges of drying mud puddles. Scientists call this *puddling*. I have seen more than one hundred butterflies around a small puddle at one time.

I guess the question-mark butterfly at Shenandoah Park had learned to get a tasty treat from people on the trail. It may have learned this by landing on a hiker like me and tasting his sweaty skin. Or maybe a person's skin has a special smell that attracts these butterflies.

When we were leaving the park, I wondered about that butterfly. How many people had it visited along that beautiful wooded trail?

Dear Highlights,

LETTERS

Hair Trouble



Every time I try to fix my hair it messes up. What should I do?

Jessie R., Mississippi

It's good that you are taking responsibility for your hair. But fixing hair is like anything else that a person learns: You will probably need someone else to show you how to do it. That could be an adult or an older girl who has a hairstyle that is similar to yours.

Check with your mom. She may have some good ideas or be willing to take you to a beautician for help.

Stopped Singing



When I was little I used to sing so much and so well. Now I almost don't sing, and being a singer was a life dream. Please help!

Lewis S., New York

Only you can make the decision to start singing again and to act on that decision. Perhaps you could join a choir at your school or place of worship. Your parents or your music teacher at school might have some helpful ideas.

Remember that it takes much practice and dedication to excel at a performing art like singing. But it is a wonderful way to bring joy to yourself and others.

Hamster Died



My hamster died and I can't quit thinking about him. What can I do?

Ashley G., Texas

Be patient with yourself. It takes time to heal, and thinking about your hamster is part of the healing process. What is important is not to let your mind focus on your hamster's death. Give yourself a few minutes to remember the good feelings you have for your hamster and then do something to take your mind off him. You could play some music or watch a favorite video.

Pets are a big responsibility. You give a part of yourself when you devote time and energy toward caring for them, and it's only natural to become emotionally attached to them.

You might want to talk to your parents or another responsible adult about how you are feeling. Often, just talking about a situation brings some relief.

Little Brother



I have a brother who is three years old. When I play with Legos he bothers me. What should I do?

Peter D., Maryland

It takes patience to deal with younger brothers and sisters. Little children want to be like you and join in your activities. They learn about the world by watching and copying others.

Your brother loves you and wants to be near you. Maybe you could set aside some time each day to spend with him. It doesn't have to be a long time. You might let him play with your Legos under your supervision, or you might read his favorite story to him. Or you could play a board game that is appropriate for his age, such as Candy Land.

If your brother knows you'll be spending time with him, he may not bother you as much at other times.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

Dear Highlights
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
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Honesdale, PA 18431

Mystery Photos

By Jerard H. Solinger

Identify the mystery "vehicle" in the first column. Then find what it rides on in the second column.



Answers on page 39.

What's Wrong?

How many things can you find wrong in this picture?

